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s friends, pupils, and the nt building No. 29 Ann [o21-4t]

DIVAN, No. 157 Broad he celebrated Debute a distinguished pupil of Artists. To the admit- any thing which has

thrilling scene from By- and LAMERO; and the the pencil of a Master.

efresents St JOHN IN , is in the true style of

mittance 25 cents. Season

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

A FIRST RATE CLUB BOAT, 36 feet long, nearly new, on an improved model, and very fast. She will be sold low. Terms, &c. can be known, by applying by letter or otherwise, to the editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n25-3t]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—

First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.

On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.

Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

J. B. TAYLOR, POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*

[n18-tlJ]

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838. Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub. $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Granger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second heat in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edenborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Morman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerrson names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Rid lesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Rabeck names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. [o21]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fine second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Belt and Dewelling Pistols.

[Sept. 16-tf.] W. F. WRIAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass. No. 3 Carondelet street New Orleans. [sr.30]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines,) first insertion *in the paper*	$5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 43.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. is received. Would a letter to that address reach home as surely as a paper? We shall try.

T. B. is received. A press of business has alone prevented an allusion to its contents in this number. We have barely time most sincerely to congratulate him, and wish all heaven's blessings showered on *its* head.

H. P. J.'s wishes shall be attended to as soon as we can see the owner of the horse he wishes.

J. & J. H. may rely on our attention; the business, *of all kinds*, is in progress, and the substance of the communication will appear in a future number.

M. of F. is at hand. We hope to find room for him next week.

Our thanks are due to the Proprietor of the Camden (S. C.) Course, for his politeness in furnishing our agent with a report of the Camden races. We had previously, however, inserted the newspaper report.

Things Theatrical.

ELLEN TREE.—This amiable and most accomplished lady is again among us. She was welcomed back on Monday evening by a galaxy of beauty and fashion that reminded us of the enthusiasm and the brilliancy which was wont to greet Fanny Kemble in her most palmy days of popularity. She played *Beatrice*, and had we not again and again repeated our opinion, that she alone of all the females we have seen attempt it, did justice to this most exquisite creation, we would here again expatiate on her spirited and superbly finished enactment of the part. We no more tire of seeing her in *Beatrice* than we should become indifferent to the society of a lady who might serve as a model for this portraiture of the Poet. We hope she will never omit to repeat it at least once during every engagement, for however long we may live, we never expect to see her equalled in it, and therefore would imprint on our soul her perfect delineation of what we conceive to be one from Shakspeare's most alluring and attaching class of female characters. On Tuesday she played *Ion*, and probably as no one else, except, perhaps, young KEAN, could possibly do. To night, just as we are going to press, she plays for her benefit, and will receive what she so much deserves, the unqualified applause and admiration of every true lover of the Drama, and of every individual capable of appreciating gentle breeding, and talents perfected by education and industry.

From this city Miss TREE commences her tour through the South and West. Most cordially do we commend her to all our friends in those sections of our country, and most confidently do we bespeak for her those elegant hospitalities and that liberal patronage which they know so well how to bestow, and of which they will not fail to find Miss Tree a most worthy and grateful recipient.

MISS CLIFTON.—Among our native artists there is no one, we believe, who has made more successful tours through the States and cities of the Union than this young and beautiful lady. She has been starring in Baltimore the week past, and if she has attracted, as we hear, full houses, truly she has accomplished wonders, for the "Monumental" is no theatre-going city; and the lady who can draw the Benedicts and the chary damsels within the walls of a theatre *there*, should want no other recommendation to pass unquestioned to the approbation and pockets of all other cities. But Heaven only knows what beauty and accomplishments and spirit can effect, so we must not wonder at Miss Clifton's success. Should she extend her present tour to the Capital, and wake up the sleepy drones that congregate there about these times, she would confer a national benefit, and deserve a monument.

Concert.—Madame CARADORI's Concert, at the City Hotel, last week, was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. It was a perfect jam, and hundreds went away unable to procure admittance. She is certainly an extraordinary woman; she sways her auditors to and fro—now into an ecstasy of joy, now moves them with the deepest feeling: it is the power of genius alone to bend all spirits thus to its will. She unites a beautiful and graceful person to a voice, though not perfectly adapted to the expression of great passion, yet whose flexibility, sweetness, and correct intonation, passes all praise. The ear sleeps soothed and delighted upon her tones; her middle and higher notes are particularly fine; she executes difficult chromatic passages with wonderful ease; the felicity, too, with which she acquires languages, her delicacy of expression of the English, the true Scottish accent with which she sings her exquisite old airs, bespeak a woman of no common talent. Fabj sang well two Italian airs, Boucher played two solos on the violoncello; his execution is rapid, his instrument sweet, though not powerful (no solo instrument by the way). W. W. KING was conductor on the occasion. This gentleman makes very little noise, but under his direction the Concert moves along, smoothly and harmoniously; as a conductor he is surpassed by none; his accompaniments are marked by the utmost delicacy of taste, a perfect conception of the singer whom he accompanies, and a profound knowledge of his author. Few are aware of the difficulty of this part of the profession; his solo performances are characterized by an accurate taste, deep feeling, brilliant and effective execution.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES' NEW COMEDY.

The announcement of a new play from the pen of Mr. Knowles comes upon us like an invitation to pass an evening with a valued friend. The very sight of it produces, from old recollections, a glow of good will, and we resolve to go, of course, careless as to the exact quality of the entertainment to be set before us, from a well-grounded confidence that it is sure to be sound and wholesome. Our knowledge of the author determines us not to be churlish if we should find some parts of it not quite worthy of his genius, and our knowledge of his genius prepares us against being surprised if we should find some parts of it quite worthy of *any* author. The impression produced by "The Love Chase," as a whole, is so pleasing, that to find fault with any part of it seems ungrateful,—while the immense applause with which it was received might well bear us out if we were to assert that it is without one: but we suspect that those best qualified to judge will agree in the opinion that it has faults—and to think so and not to say it, would be to compromise ourselves with them. We shall not follow the plot through all its windings and turnings, but state just enough to excite the curiosity of those who are in the habit of visiting theatres, and then give just enough of extracts to whet the appetites of those who read, but do not go. The name of "The Love Chase" is borne out by a series of scenes and incidents which end in the marriages of three of the couples out of the pack engaged in the hunt—namely, Constance (Mrs. Nisbet) and Wildrake (Mr Webster); Lydia (Miss Vandenhoff); Waller (Mr. Elton); Widow Green (Mrs. Glover); and Sir William Fondlove (Mr. Strickland.) The first pair have been brought up together from childhood; and, though accustomed to quarrel and to make it up again, have a secret attachment for each other, which neither is aware of until each is made to believe that the other is about to be married. There is about this pair some similarity to Benedict and Beatrice, but it is not stronger than the likeness between the characters of Katherine and Petrucio, and those of the Duke and Julians, in the "Honey moon;" like these latter, the characters are well conceived, and admirably worked out. The language they speak is always dramatic, sometimes poetical; and they arrive at their ends by such varied means, as give to the whole the freshness of novelty. The second couple exhibits the case of a young girl of humble station, but (as it proves afterwards) of gentle birth, who is dishonourably sought by a libertine, but who, clinging fast to virtue, reclaims him, and wins from him a proposal of marriage. With regard to this couple, we could point out what appear to us manifest faults, but we are not inclined to dwell on them.

The third pair consists of a silly old amorous baronet, who fancies himself no older at sixty than he was at forty, and a smirking elderly widow on the look-out for preferment. The baronet wishes to marry the widow, who is hunting younger game, but is glad to have him at last, to save herself from the general laugh consequent upon the ridiculous situation into which her vanity has brought her. There are scenes connected with these characters which we should have feared before hand were almost too broad even for farce, but clever writing and good acting carried them safely through.

Trueworth, a friend of Sir William Fondlove, proposes to him that he will affect a passion for his daughter Constance, in order to arouse Wildrake from his seeming apathy:—

Trueworth.—Your guess and my conceit are not a mile
Apart. Unlike to other common flowers,
The flower of love shows various in the bud,
'Twill look a thistle, and 'twill blow a rose!
And with your leave I'll put it to the test;
Affect myself, for thy fair daughter, love—
Make him my confidant—dilate to him
Upon the graces of her heart and mind,
Feature and form—that well may comment bear—
Till—like the practised connoisseur, who finds
A gem of art out in a household picture
The unskill'd owner held so cheap he grudg'd
Renewal of the chipp'd and tarnish'd frame,
But values now as priceless—I arouse him
Into a quick sense of the worth of that
Whose merit hitherto, from lack of skill,
Or dulling habit of acquaintanceship,
He has not been awake to.

We could give fifty more extracts, but shall conclude with the following animated and exciting description of the chase by Constance. She has put on a riding-habit and assumed an air somewhat more masculine than usual to meet what she considers to be the taste of the sportsman Wildrake, whom she wishes to conquer. He, in the meantime, has put off his country habiliments for more smart attire, and is awkwardly trying to assume the manners of the town, to fall in, as he thinks, with her wishes.

Constance. Worthy sir,
Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase,
You stand without a peer; and for myself
I dare avow 'mong such none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

Wildrake.—Churl were he
That would gainsay you, madam!

Constance.—(curtseying)—What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
Whose soul, in his task, turns labor into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstacy of motion!

Wildrake.—You are used,
I see, to the chase.

Constance.—I am, Sir. Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then your time,
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space;
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.

Wildrake.—'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turn'd you, madam.

Constance.—(curtseying.)—Sir, you're good!
And then the hounds, sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well trained pack.
The training's everything! Keen on the scent!
At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
None leaving his task to another!—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together!—what a pack!
Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them—as
They move with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up!—enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list to their jocund music!

Wildrake.—You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Constance.—I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top
But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigor, health, and joy! Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbor's glass—where gladness sees itself,
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept of a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!

London Athenæum.

MADEMOISELLE GUATIER, THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

We find a very interesting paper in an English periodical, giving some account of the strange history of Mademoiselle Guatier, who was one of the greatest ornaments of the French stage at the beginning of the 18th century. She was of a tall and commanding figure, and her face, independently of the regularity of the feature, which made it a model for the sculptor, possessed such exquisite variety of expression, that she could accommodate herself with equal ease to the lightest comedy or the deepest pathos. Besides these professional advantages, she was a person of great accomplishments, being celebrated for the point and piquancy of her verses in the wittiest circles of Paris; and excelling no less in the productions of her pencil than of her pen. A person with such endowments—young—beautiful—and at the very height of celebrity as an actress, needed nothing farther to excite the public curiosity as to every circumstance connected with her. An inquiry only served to add still more to the wonder with which she was regarded. Her bodily strength was prodigious. With the delicate-looking hand, which seemed fit only for the graceful exercises of the fan, she could roll up a plate of massive silver as if it were a wafer. Nor did she hesitate to send a challenge to a trial of muscle to the Marshal Saxe, a very powerful man, who plumed himself on his Herculean strength. The challenge was accepted, and the struggle took place. It was agreed that the victory should be adjudged to whichever of the combatants first bent down the other's arm—both resting their elbows on a table. In this trial the elbows touch each other, the hands being held up, and the victory depends entirely on the strength of wrist. After an arduous contest, the Marshal succeeded in bending down the arm of his fair antagonist; but he was forced to acknowledge that he had never encountered any one whom it had cost him more trouble to overcome.

The beautiful amazon did not restrict her exhibitions of strength or daring to her own country. In that dissolute age, and in so unscrupulous a profession as the stage at that period was considered, it is not to be wondered at if Mademoiselle Guatier shared in the general immorality.

One of the most celebrated of her lovers was the great Martial de Wirtemberg, who took her on one occasion along with him to the court of his relative the Duke. This prince had a mistress to whom he was passionately attached, and to whom, as the favorite of the sovereign, greater obeisance was, perhaps, made than if she had been his wife. But this humble subserviency did not suit the imperious temper of the Parisian beauty, who left no opportunity unemployed to vex and mortify the Ducal sultana; and was so successful in attaining this object, that she received a peremptory order to quit the court and territory of Wirtemberg. Indignant beyond measure at this public insult, she brooded over projects of revenge, and suddenly quitted Paris, preserving a strict incognito to wreak her vengeance on the cause of her disgrace. Through numberless dangers she arrived at last in Wirtemberg, and watched an opportunity for several days. Having ascertained that the favorite would be in a carriage on the public drive at a certain hour, she drove a caleche with a pair of very spirited horses, and having shown herself to her enemy, and cast on her a glance of as withering scorn as her majestic features could assume, she directed her caleche in such a way against the carriage of her rival that she knocked off the hind wheel, and brought her to the ground. She then set off full speed on her homeward way, and having previously made arrangements for her flight, she succeeded in escaping the punishment which such an adventure would assuredly have brought down on her.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

The opinion seems to be getting prevalent in certain circles, that an editor should never touch on theatrical matters but to commend, and that when he cannot praise he should hold his peace. It does not surprise us that such erroneous views are springing up, so long as we daily see spread before this community the most loathsome encomiums of all and anything that offers for the public patronage; but it is none the less important that the matter should be presented in its true light, and that the duties and independence of an editor should be vindicated and understood. This is an easy task, we imagine, but as this sheet is not exactly suited to the discussion of such things, we must commend the subject to the attention of our *Magazines*, in the hope that they will so enlarge on the topic, and so rebuke the prevailing practice, that a reformation will be the consequence.

Omitting, therefore, the obvious reflections which the subject awakens, we will take leave to say what our course shall be for the future, confessing at the same time our conviction and penitence for the share we have hitherto taken in the general system of *puffing*.

And first, we intend to give all strangers to our boards a generous welcome, commending them to the highest pitch our information will justify. We will listen patiently, and candidly form our judgment, and then frankly express the same, without stint or measure. We ever have and shall continue to bring into favorable notice the deserving, the modest and the neglected, the friendless and the obscure, and encourage their diligence and their aspirings to the full amount of our abilities. We shall most cheerfully lend a helping hand to all charities, without strictly scrutinizing the object of them.

We intend, from time to time, to notice *comparatively* the different theatrical establishments now fast gathering around us, and endeavor so to suit our observations to the actual condition of their respective means of entertaining the public, that this self same good-natured public shall be at no loss where to look for an evening's amusement, enjoyed with the fewest annoyances, and the greatest degree of civil attention.

We shall not hesitate to discuss the demerits as well as the merits of our stock companies, both individually and collectively, and though the extreme popularity of a few may render them indifferent to improvement or exertion, we shall endeavor to find a hole in all their coats, and "*faith we'll prent it.*"

The *Stars* must necessarily find a place in our columns, and, as heretofore, we shall be foremost in rendering them all justice in our power; but we beg here to say, that no *Star* within reach of our vision shall control the expression of a single opinion we may entertain of his or her merits, and that however fortunate and successful they may be in the personation of certain characters, this shall form no bar to a free discussion of the demerits and faults in anything else they may attempt.

It will often come within the scope of our design to advocate the productions of Dramatic writers before they are presented to the public, and as we shall indulge most liberally in praise of whatever we think there is even a remote chance of success, so we shall be slow to condemn any play after its enactment, unless we are convinced of its having received at the hands of those attempting its personation such diligent study and effective representation as can leave no question in our minds of its utter worthlessness, or its entire unfitness for the stage. There is no danger of the author's injuring the actor under any circumstances; it shall be our care, then, that the indolence and stupidity of the actor does not most unrighteously damn the helpless author.

Finally, in all those cases where the individual may have been the theme of our unqualified panegyric, and for years may have been kept before the public eye through the medium of our sheet, we shall in all such cases repent us of our past indiscretions, and frankly expose our opinions of their future excellence, with this "special observance," never to hesitate in our duty to censure their misconceptions—rebuke their growing vanities, and point out the causes of their tardy advancement, and their languishment in public favor.

We hope our readers will not deem this expose of our intentions to be the result of any overweening vanity on our part, or that we intend to show ourselves hypercritical on the subject of the Drama. We are impelled by a higher motive—the disposition to render this paper a medium of correct Theatrical intelligence throughout the United States, and to secure for the contents of its columns confidence in their honesty and impartiality. We are bold in saying that we have on our list of subscribers five times a greater number of the members of the Theatrical profession than any other print in our country, and moreover, that our columns are particularly addressed to that numerous and far-spread portion of the community most inclined and most able to sustain sterling histrionic capabilities in every quarter of our country. It has ever been a primary object in this department of our paper, to give the earliest intelligence our means permit, and they are not a few, and at the same time never to mislead our Southern and Western friends by holding out to them the expectation of witnessing anything like perfection in those whom we have so frequently commended to their notice, unless the object of our praise deserve their unbounded patronage. The substantial acquisitions we are daily receiving from those sections lead us to indulge the hope that our endeavors to merit them have not been altogether undeserving; and although Theatrical matters are only secondary concerns to the great and useful objects of this paper, still we shall continue to disseminate on that subject what we believe the most just and impartial notices of its professors and of Dramatic authors, and in no instance suffer friendship or enmity, threats or promises, to influence the expression of our opinions of whomsoever or whatsoever we may choose to give them.

A Hint.—A king of Persia sent to a tribe of Bedouins the Calph Mustapha, a very celebrated physician, who inquired on his arrival how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, nor then to repletion," was the answer. "I may retire then," said the Doctor, "I have *no business here.*"

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

MR. PICKWICK ENCOUNTERS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, TO WHICH FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE THE READER IS MAINLY INDEBTED FOR MATTER OF THRILLING INTEREST HEREIN SET DOWN, CONCERNING TWO GREAT PUBLIC MEN OF MIGHT AND POWER.

The morning which broke upon Mr. Pickwick's sight at eight o'clock was not at all calculated to elevate his spirits, or to lessen the depression which the unlooked-for result of his embassy inspired. The sky was dark and gloomy, the air damp and raw, the streets wet and sloppy. The smoke hung sluggishly above the chimney-tops as if it lacked the courage to rise, and the rain came slowly and doggedly down as if it had not even the spirit to pour. A game-cock in the stable-yard, deprived of every spark of his accustomed animation, balanced himself dismally on one leg in a corner: and a donkey, moping with drooping head under the narrow roof of an outhouse, appeared from his meditative and miserable countenance to be contemplating suicide. In the street, umbrellas were the only things to be seen, and the clicking of pattens and splashing of rain-drops, the only sounds to be heard.

The breakfast was interrupted by very little conversation; even Mr. Bob Sawyer felt the influence of the weather, and the previous day's excitement. In his own most expressive language, he was "floored." So was Mr. Ben Allen. So was Mr. Pickwick.

In protracted expectation of the weather clearing up, the last evening paper from London was read and re-read with an intensity of interest only known in cases of extreme destitution; every inch of the carpet was walked over with similar perseverance, the windows were looked out of often enough to justify the imposition of an additional duty upon them, all kinds of topics of conversation were started, and failed; and at length Mr. Pickwick when noon had arrived without a change for the better, rang the bell resolutely and ordered out the chaise.

Although the roads were miry, and the drizzling rain came down harder than it had done yet, and although the mud and wet splashed in at the open windows of the carriage to such an extent that the discomfort was almost as great to the pair of insides as to the pair of outsides, still there was something in the very motion, and the sense of being up and doing, which was so infinitely superior to being pent in a dull room, looking at the dull rain dripping into the dull street, that they all agreed, on starting, that the change was a great improvement, and wondered how they could possibly have delayed making it as long as they had done.

When they stopped to change at Coventry, the steam ascended from the horses in such clouds as wholly to obscure the hostler, whose voice was however heard to declare from the mist, that he expected the first Gold Medal from the Humane Society on their next distribution of rewards, for taking the post boy's hat off; the water descending from the brim of which, the invisible gentleman declared must inevitably have drowned him (the postboy), but for his great presence of mind in tearing it promptly from his head, and drying the gasping man's countenance with a wisp of straw.

"This is pleasant," said Bob Sawyer, turning up his coat collar and pulling the shawl over his mouth to concentrate the fumes of a glass of brandy just swallowed.

"Wery," replied Sam, composedly.

"You don't seem to mind it," observed Bob.

"Vy, I don't exactly see no good my mindin' on it 'ud do, Sir," replied Sam.

"That's an unanswerable reason, anyhow," said Bob.

"Yes, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller. "Wotever is, is right, as the young nobleman sweetly remarked ven they put him down in the pension list 'cos his mother's uncle's vife's grandfather vunce lit the king's pipe with a portable tinder box."

"Not a bad notion that, Sam," said Mr. Bob Sawyer approvingly.

"Just wot the young nobleman said ev'ry quarter-day afterwards for the rest of his life," replied Mr. Weller.

Expatiating upon this learned and remarkable theory, and citing many curious statistical and other facts in its support, Sam Weller beguiled the time until they reached Dunchurch, where a dry post-boy and fresh horses were procured; the next stage was Daventry, and the next Towcester; and at the end of each stage it rained harder than it had done at the beginning.

"I say," remonstrated Bob Sawyer, looking in at the coach window, as they pulled up before the door of the Saracen's Head, Towcester, "this won't do you know."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Pickwick, just awakening from a nap, "I'm afraid you are wet."

"Oh you are, are you!" returned Bob. "Yes, I am, a little that way—uncomfortably damp, perhaps."

Bob did look dampish, inasmuch as the rain was streaming from his neck, elbows, cuffs, skirts, and knees; and his whole apparel shone so with the wet, that it might have been mistaken for a full suit of prepared oilskin.

"I *am* rather wet," said Bob, giving himself a shake, and casting a little hydraulic shower around in so doing, like a Newfoundland dog just emerged from the water.

"I think it's quite impossible to go on to-night," interposed Ben.

"Out of the question, Sir," remarked Sam Weller, coming to assist in the conference; "it's cruelty to the animals, Sir, to ask 'em to do it. There's beds here, Sir," said Sam, addressing his master, "everything clean and comfortable. Wery good little dinner, Sir, they can get ready in half an hour—pair of fowls, Sir, and a weal cutlet; French beans, 'taturs, and tidiness. You'd better stop vere you are, Sir, if I might recommend. Take advice, Sir, as the doctor said."

The host of the Saracen's Head opportunely appeared at this moment, to confirm Mr. Weller's statement relative to the accommodations of the establishment, and to back his entreaties with a variety of dismal conjectures regarding the state of the roads, the doubt of fresh horses being to be had at the next stage, the dead certainty of its raining all night, the equally mortal certainty of its clearing up in the morning, and other topics of inducement familiar to innkeepers.

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "but I must send a letter to London by some conveyance, so that it may be delivered the very first thing in the morning, or I must go forward at all hazards."

The landlord smiled his delight. Nothing could be easier than for the gentleman to inclose a letter in a sheet of brown paper and send it on either by the mail or the night coach from Birmingham. If the gentleman was particularly anxious to have it left as soon as possible, he might write outside, "To be delivered immediately," which was sure to be attended to; or "pay the bearer half-a-crown extra for instant delivery," which was surer still.

"Very well," said Mr. Pickwick, "then we will stop here."

"Lights in the Sun, John; make up the fire—the gentlemen are wet," cried the landlord. "This way, gentlemen; don't trouble yourself about the postboy now, Sir; I'll send him to you when you ring for him, Sir. Now John, the candles."

The candles were brought, the fire was stirred up, and a fresh log of wood thrown on. In ten minutes' time a waiter was laying the cloth for dinner, the curtains were drawn, the fire was blazing brightly, and every thing looked (as every thing always does in all decent English inns) as if the travellers had been expected and their comforts prepared, for days beforehand.

Mr. Pickwick sat down at a side table and hastily indited a note to Mr. Winkle, merely informing him that he was detained by stress of weather, but would certainly be in London next day; until when he deferred any further account of his proceedings. This was hastily made up into a parcel and despatched to the bar per Mr. Samuel Weller.

Sam left it with the landlady, and was returning to pull his master's boots off, after drying himself by the kitchen fire, when, glancing casually through a half-opened door, he was arrested by the sight of a gentleman with a sandy head who had a large bundle of newspapers lying on the table before him, and was pursuing the leading article of one with a settled sneer which curled up his nose and all his other features into a majestic expression of haughty contempt.

"Hallo!" said Sam, "I ought to know that 'ere head and them features; the eye-glass, too, and the broad-brimmed tile! Eatanswill to vit, or I'm a Roman."

Sam was taken with a troublesome cough at once, for the purpose of attracting the gentleman's attention: and the gentleman starting at the sound, raised his head and his eye-glass, and disclosed to view the profound and thoughtful features of Mr. Pott, of the Eatanswill Gazette.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir," said Sam, advancing with a bow, "my master's here, Mr. Pott."

"Hush, hush!" cried Pott, drawing Sam into the room, and closing the door, with a countenance of mysterious dread and apprehension.

"Wot's the matter, Sir?" enquired Sam, looking vacantly at him.

"Not a whisper of my name," replied Pott—"this is a buff neighbourhood. If the excited and irritable populace knew I was here, I should be torn to pieces."

"No; vould you, Sir?" enquired Sam.

"I should be the victim of their fury," replied Pott. "Now, young man, what of your master?"

"He's a stoppin' here to-night on his way to town, with a couple of friends," replied Sam.

"Is Mr. Winkle one of them?" enquired Pott, with a slight frown.

"No, Sir; Mr. Winkle stops at home now," rejoined Sam. "He's married."

"Married!" exclaimed Pott, with frightful vehemence. He stopped, smiled darkly, and added, in a low, vindictive tone, "It serves him right!"

Having given vent to this cruel ebullition of deadly malice and cold blooded triumph over a fallen enemy, Mr. Pott enquired whether Mr. Pickwick's friends were "blue;" receiving a most satisfactory answer in the affirmative from Sam, who knew as much about the matter as Pott himself, he consented to accompany him to Mr. Pickwick's room, where a hearty welcome awaited him, and an agreement to club their dinners together was at once made and ratified.

"And how are matters going on in Eatanswill?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, when Pott had taken a seat near the fire, and the whole party had got their wet boots off, and dry slippers on. "Is the Independent still in being?"

"The Independent, Sir," replied Pott, "is still dragging on a wretched and lingering career, abhorred and despised by even the few who are cognizant of its miserable and disgraceful existence; stifled by the very filth it so profusely scatters: rendered deaf and blind by the exhalations of its own slime, the obscene journal, happily unconscious of its degraded state, is rapidly sinking beneath that treacherous mud which, while it seems to give it a firm standing with the low and debased classes of society, is, nevertheless, rising above its detested head, and will speedily engulf it for ever."

Having delivered this manifesto (which formed a portion of his last week's leader) with vehement articulation, the editor paused to take breath, and looked majestically at Bob Sawyer.

"You are a young man, Sir," said Pott.

Mr. Bob Sawyer nodded.

"So are you, Sir," said Pott, addressing Mr. Ben Allen.

Ben admitted the soft impeachment.

"And are both deeply imbued with those blue principles, which so long as I live, I have pledged myself to the people of these kingdoms to support and to maintain!" suggested Pott.

"Why, I don't exactly know about that," replied Bob Sawyer, "I am—"

"Not buff, Mr. Pickwick," interrupted Pott, drawing back his chair, "your friend is not buff, Sir!"

"No, no," rejoined Bob, "I'm a kind of plaid at present: a compound of all sorts of colours."

"A waverer," said Pott solemnly, "a waverer. I should like to show you a series of eight articles, Sir, that have appeared in the Eatanswill Gazette. I think I may venture to say that you would not be long in establishing your opinions on a firm and solid basis, Sir."

"I dare say I should turn very blue, long before I got to the end of them," responded Bob.

Mr. Pott looked dubiously at Bob Sawyer for some seconds, and, turning to Mr. Pickwick, said—

"You have seen the literary articles which have appeared at intervals in the Eatanswill Gazette in the course of the last three months, and which have excited such general—I may such universal attention and admiration?"

"Why," replied Mr. Pickwick, slightly embarrassed by the question, "the fact is, I have been so much engaged in other ways, that I really have not had an opportunity of perusing them."

"You should do so, Sir," said Pott, with a severe countenance.

"I will," said Mr. Pickwick.

"They appeared in the form of a copious review of a work on Chinese metaphysics, Sir," said Pott.

"Oh," observed Mr. Pickwick—"from your pen I hope?"

"From the pen of my critic, Sir," rejoined Pott with dignity.

"An abstruse subject I should conceive," said Mr Pickwick.

"Very, Sir," responded Pott, looking intensely sage. "He *crammed* for it, to use a technical but expressive term; he read up for the subject, at my desire, in the *Encyclopædia Brittanica*."

"Indeed!" said Mr Pickwick; "I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics."

"He read, Sir," rejoined Pott, laying his hand on Mr. Pickwick's knee, and looking round with a smile of intellectual superiority, "he read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C; and combined his information, Sir!"

Mr. Pott's features assumed so much additional grandeur at the recollection of the power and research displayed in the learned effusions in question, that some minutes elapsed before Mr. Pickwick felt emboldened to renew the conversation; at length, as the Editor's countenance gradually relapsed into its customary expression of moral supremacy, he ventured to resume the discourse by asking—

"Is it fair to enquire what great object has brought you so far from home?"

"That object which actuates and animates me in all my gigantic labours, Sir," replied Pott, with a calm smile—"my country's good."

"I supposed it was some public missoin," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, Sir," resumed Pott, "it is." Here, bending towards Mr. Pickwick, he whispered in a deep hollow voice, "A buff ball, Sir, will take place in Birmingham to-morrow evening."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, Sir, and supper," added Mr. Pott.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick.

Pott nodded portentously.

Now, although Mr. Pickwick feigned to stand aghast at this disclosure, he was so little versed in local politics that he was unable to form an adequate comprehension of the importance of the dire conspiracy referred to.

The landlord and waiter entering at the moment with dinner, caused Mr. Pott to lay his finger on his lips in token that he considered his life in Mr. Pickwick's hands, and depended on his secresy. Messrs. Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, who had irreverently fallen asleep during the reading of the quotation from the Eatanswill Gazette and the discussion which followed it, were roused by the mere whispering of the talismanic word "Dinner" in their ears; and to dinner they went with good digestion waiting on appetite, and health on both, and a waiter upon all three.

In the course of the dinner and the sitting which succeeded it, Mr Pott descending for a few moments to domestic topics, informed Mr. Pickwick that the air of Eatanswill not agreeing with his lady, she was then engaged in making a tour of different fashionable watering places with a view to the recovery of her wonted health and spirits; this was a delicate veiling of the fact that Mrs. Pott, acting upon her often repeated threat of separation, had, in virtue of an arrangement negociated by her brother, the Lieutenant, and concluded by Mr. Pott, permanently retired with the faithful body-guard upon one moiety or half-part of the annual income and profits arising from the editorship and sale of the Eatanswill Gazette.

While the great Mr. Pott was dwelling upon this and other matters, enlivening the conversation from time to time with various extracts from his own lucubrations, a stern stranger, calling from the window of a stage-coach, outward bound, which halted at the inn, to deliver packages, requested to know whether if he stopped short on his journey and remained there for the night he could be furnished with the necessary accommodation of a bed and bedstead.

"Certainly, Sir," replied the landlord.

"I can, can I?" enquired the stranger, who seemed habitually suspicious in look and manner.

"No doubt of it, Sir," replied the landlord.

"Good," said the stranger. "Coachman, I get down here. Guard, my carpet-bag."

Bidding the other passengers good night in a rather snappish manner, the stranger alighted. He was a shortish gentleman, with very stiff black hair, cut in the porcupine or blacking-brush style, and standing stiff and straight all over his head; his aspect was pompous and threatening; his manner was peremptory; his eyes sharp and restless; and his whole bearing bespoke a feeling of great confidence in himself, and a consciousness of immeasurable superiority over all other people.

This gentleman was shown into the room originally assigned to the patriotic Mr. Pott; and the waiter remarked, in dumb astonishment at the singular coincidence, that he no sooner lighted the candles than the gentleman, diving into his hat, drew forth a newspaper, and began to read it with the very same expression of indignant scorn which upon the majestic features of Pott had paralysed his energies an hour before. The man observed too, that whereas Mr. Pott's scorn had been roused by a newspaper headed the Eatanswill Independent, this gentleman's withering contempt was awakened by a newspaper entitled The Eatanswill Gazette.

"Send the landlord," said the stranger.

"Yes, Sir," rejoined the waiter.

The landlord was sent, and came.

"Are you the landlord?" enquired the gentleman.

"I am, Sir," replied the landlord.

"Do you know me!" demanded the gentleman.

"I have not that pleasure, Sir," rejoined the landlord.

"My name is Slurk," said the gentleman.

The landlord slightly inclined his head.

"Slurk, Sir," repeated the gentleman, haughtily. "Do you know me now, man?"

The landlord scratched his head, looked at the ceiling, and at the stranger, and smiled feebly.

"Do you know me, man?" enquired the stranger, angrily.

The landlord made a strong effort, and at length replied, "Well, Sir, I do *not* know you."

"Good God!" said the stranger, dashing his clenched fist upon the table. "And this is popularity!"

The landlord took a step or two towards the door, and the stranger fixing his eyes upon him, resumed.

"This," said the stranger, "this is gratitude for years of labour and study in behalf of the masses. I alight wet and weary; no enthusiastic crowds press forward to greet their champion, the church-bells are silent; the very name elicits no responsive feeling in their torpid bosoms. It is enough," said the agitated Mr. Slurk, pacing to and fro, "to curdle the ink in one's pen, and induce one to abandon their cause for ever."

"Did you say brandy and water, Sir?" said the landlord, venturing a hint.

"Rum," said Mr. Slurk, turning fiercely upon him. "Have you got a fire anywhere?"

"We can light one directly, Sir," said the landlord.

"Which will throw out no heat till it is bed time," interrupted Mr. Slurk. "Is there anybody in the kitchen?"

Not a soul. There was a beautiful fire. Everybody had gone, and the door was closed for the night.

"I will drink my rum and water," said Mr. Slurk, "by the kitchen fire." So gathering up his hat and newspaper, he stalked solemnly behind the landlord to that humble apartment, and throwing himself on a settle by the fireside, resumed his countenance of scorn, and began to read and drink in silent dignity.

Now some demon of discord, flying over the Saracen's Head at that moment, on casting down his eyes in mere idle curiosity, happened to behold Slurk established comfortably by the kitchen fire, and Pott slightly elevated with wine in another room; upon which the malicious demon darting down into the last-mentioned apartment with inconceivable rapidity, passed at once into the head of Mr. Bob Sawyer, and prompted him for his (the demon's) own evil purposes to speak as follows.

"I say, we've let the fire out. It's uncommonly cold after the rain, isn't it?"

"It really is," replied Mr. Pickwick, shivering.

"It wouldn't be a bad notion to have a cigar by the kitchen fire, would it?" said Bob Sawyer, still prompted by the demon aforesaid.

"It would be particularly comfortable, *I* think," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Mr. Pott, what do you say?"

Mr. Pott yielded a ready assent; and all four travellers, each with his glass in his hand, at once betook themselves to the kitchen, with Sam Weller heading the procession to shew them the way.

The stranger was still reading; he looked up and started. Mr. Pott started.

"What's the matter?" whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"That reptile?" replied Pott.

"What reptile?" said Mr. Pickwick, looking about him for fear he should tread on some overgrown black beetle, or dropsical spider.

"That reptile," whispered Pott, catching Mr. Pickwick by the arm, and pointing towards the stranger. "That reptile—Slurk of the Independent!"

"Perhaps we had better retire," whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"Never, Sir," rejoined Pott,—pot valiant, in a double sense—"never." With these words, Mr Pott took up his position on an opposite settle, and selecting one from a little bundle of newspapers, began to read against his enemy.

Mr. Pott, of course, read the Independent, and Mr. Slurk, of course, read the Gazette; and each gentleman audibly expressed his contempt of the other's compositions by bitter laughs and sarcastic sniffs; whence they proceeded to more open expressions of opinion, such as "absurd,"—"wretched,"—"atrocity,"—"humbug,"—"knavery,"—"dirt,"—"filth,"—"slime,"—"ditch water," and other critical remarks of the like nature.

Both Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen had beheld these symptoms of rivalry and hatred with a degree of delight, which imparted great additional relish to the cigars at which they were puffing most vigorously. The moment they began to flag, the mischievous Mr. Bob Sawyer, addressing Slurk with great politeness, said—

"Will you allow me to look at your paper, Sir, when you have quite done with it?"

"You'll find very little to repay you for your trouble in this contemptible *thing*, Sir," replied Slurk, bestowing a Satanic frown on Pott.

"You shall have this presently," said Pott, looking up, pale with rage, and quivering in his speech from the same cause. "Ha! ha! you will be amused with this *fellow's* audacity."

Terrific emphasis was laid upon "thing" and fellow;" and the faces of both editors began to glow with defiance.

"The ribaldry of this miserable man is despicably disgusting," said Pott, pretending to address Bob Sawyer, and scowling upon Slurk.

Here Mr. Slurk laughed very heartily, and folding up the paper so as to get at a fresh column conveniently, said, that the blockhead really amused him.

"What an impudent blunderer this fellow is," said Pott, turning from pink to crimson.

"Did you ever read any of this man's foolery, Sir?" enquired Slurk, of Bob Sawyer.

"Never," replied Bob; "is it very bad?"

"Oh, shocking! shocking!" rejoined Slurk.

"Really, dear me, this is too atrocious!" exclaimed Pott, at this juncture; still feigning to be absorbed in his reading.

"If you can wade through a few sentences of malice, meanness, falsehood, perjury, treachery and cant," said Slurk, handing the paper to Bob, "you will, perhaps, be somewhat repaid by a laugh at the style of this ungrammatical twaddler."

"What's that you said, Sir?" inquired Pott, looking up, trembling all over with passion.

"What's that to you, Sir," replied Slurk.

"Ungrammatical twaddler, was it, Sir?" said Pott.

"Yes, Sir, it was," replied Slurk; "and *blue bore*, Sir, if you like that better; ha! ha!"

Mr. Pott retorted not a word to this jocose insult, but deliberately folding up his copy of the Independent, flattened it carefully down, crushed it beneath his boot, spat upon it with great ceremony, and flung it into the fire.

"There, Sir," said Pott, retreating from the stove, "and that's thel way would serve the viper who produces it, if I were not, fortunately for him, restrained by the laws of my country."

"Serve him so, Sir!" cried Slurk, starting up: "those laws shall never be appealed to by him, Sir, in such a case. Serve him so, Sir!"

"Hear! hear!" said Bob Sawyer.

"Nothing can be fairer," observed Mr. Ben Allen.

"Serve him so, Sir!" reiterated Slurk, in a loud voice.

Mr. Pott darted a look of contempt, which might have withered an anchor.

"Serve him so, Sir!" reiterated Slurk, in a louder voice than before.

"I will not, Sir;" rejoined Pott.

"Oh, you won't! won't you, Sir!" said Mr. Slurk, in a taunting manner; "you hear this, gentlemen! He won't; not that he's afraid; oh, no! he *won't*. Ha! ha!"

"I consider you, Sir," said Mr. Pott, moved by this sarcasm. "I consider you a viper. I look upon you, Sir, as a man who has placed himself beyond the pale of society, by his most audacious, disgraceful, and abominable public conduct. I view you, Sir, personally or politically, in no other light but as a most unparalleled and unmitigated viper."

The Indignant Independent did not wait to hear the end of this personal denunciation, for, catching up his carpet-bag, which was well stuffed with moveables, he swung it in the air as Pott turned away, and letting it fall with a circular sweep on his head just at that particular angle of the bag where a good thick hair-brush happened to be packed, caused a sharp crash to be heard throughout the kitchen, and brought him at once to the ground.

"Gentlemen," cried Mr. Pickwick, as Pott started up and seized the fire-shovel, "gentlemen, consider for Heaven's sake—help—Sam—here—pray, gentlemen—interfere somebody."

Uttering these incoherent exclamations, Mr. Pickwick rushed between the infuriated combatants just in time to receive the carpet bag on one side of his body, and the fire-shovel on the other; whether the representatives of the public feeling of Eatanswill were blinded by animosity, or, being both acute reasoners, saw the advantage of having a third party between them to bear all the blows, certain it is that they paid not the slightest attention to Mr. Pickwick, but defying each other with great spirit, plied the carpet bag and the fire-shovel most fearlessly. Mr Pickwick would unquestionably have suffered severely from his humane interference, if Mr. Weller, attracted by his master's cries, had not rushed in at the moment and, snatching up a meal sack, effectually stopped the conflict by drawing it over the head and shoulders of the mighty Pott, and clasping him tight round the elbows.

"Take away that 'ere bag from the t'other madman," said Sam to Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, who had done nothing but dodge round the group, each with a tortoise-shell lancet in his hand, ready to bleed the first man stunned. "Give it up, you wretched little creetur, or I'll smother you in it."

Awed by these threats, and quite out of breath, the Independent suffered himself to be disarmed; and Mr. Weller, removing the extinguisher from Pott, set him free with a caution.

"You take yourselves off to bed quietly," said Sam, "or I'll put you both in it, and let you fight it out with the mouth tied, as I vould a dozen sich, if they played these games. And you have the goodness to come this here way, Sir, if you please."

Thus addressing his master, Sam took him by the arm and led him off, while the rival editors were severally removed to their beds by the landlord, under the inspection of Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen; breathing, as they went away, many sanguinary threats, and making vague appointments for mortal combat next day. When they came to think it over, however, it occurred to them that they could do it much better in print, so they recommenced deadly hostilities without delay; and all Eatanswill rung with their boldness—on paper.

They had taken themselves off in separate coaches, early next morning, before the other travellers were stirring; and the weather having now cleared up, the chaise companions once more turned their faces to London.

SHAKSPEARE PAPERS.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—BOTTOM, THE WEAVER.

"Some men are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a wooden ladle."—ANCIENT PROVERB.

"Then did the sun on dunghill shine."—ANCIENT PISTOL.

It has often been remarked that it is impossible to play the enchanted scenes of Bottom with any effect. In reading the poem we idealize the ass-head; we can conceive that it represents in some grotesque sort the various passions and emotions of its wearer; that it assumes a character of dull jocosity, or duller sapience, in his conversations with Titania and the fairies; and when calling for the assistance of Messrs. Peas-blossom and Mustard-seed to scratch his head, or of the Queen to procure him a peck of provender or a bottle of hay, it expresses some puzzled wonder of the new sensations its wearer must experience in tingling never felt before, and cravings for food until then unsuited to his appetite. But on the stage this is impossible. As the manager cannot procure for his fairies representatives of such tiny dimensions as to be in danger of being overflown by the bursting of the honey-bag of an humble-bee, so it is impossible that the art of the property-man can furnish Bottom with an ass-head capable of expressing the mixed feelings of humanity and asinity which actuate the metamorphosed weaver. It is but a pasteboard head, and that is all. The jest is over the first moment after his appearance; and, having laughed at it once, we cannot laugh at it any more. As in the case of a man who, at a masquerade, has chosen a character depending for its attraction merely on costume,—we may admire a Don Quixote, if properly bedecked in Mambrino's helmet and the other habiliments of the Knight of La Mancha, at a first glance, but we think him scarcely worthy of a second.

So it is with the Bottom of the stage; the Bottom of the poem is a different person. Shakspeare in many parts of his plays drops hints, "vocal to the intelligent," that he feels the difficulty of bringing his ideas adequately before the minds of theatrical spectators. In the opening address of the Chorus of Henry V. he asks pardon for having dared

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Pardon the wearers of the sock and buskin for being obnoxious to such criticism as that lavished by Quince upon Bottom. We have no traces left us of what constituted the ordinary puffery of the Elizabethan days; but, as human nature is the same in all ages, we must suppose the trade to have been in its own way as vigorously carried on then as now. And, without hinting at anything personal, do we not week after week find attached to every performer making (whether with justice or not is no part of the consideration) pretensions to the omnifarious abilities of Bottom, some Peter Quince, who sticks to that Bottom with the tenacity of a leech, and is ready to swear that *he*, the Bottom is the only man in Athens; that his appearance spreads an universal joy; his occultation involves the world in dramatical eclipse; that his performance of the lover can only be surpassed by his performance of the tyrant; and that it must puzzle an impartial public to decide whether nature and art, genius and study, designed him for a heroine couchant, or a rampant lion. To this it is little wonder that the object of applause lets down his ears too often donkey like, and permits himself to be scratched by a Master Cobweb, spun though he be by a bottle-bellied spider, or a Master Peas-blossom, who can only claim Mistress Squash for his mother and Master Peascod for his father. In Peter Quince, Shakspeare shadowed forth, by anticipation, Sheridan's Puff. Quince is a fool, and Puff a rogue; and yet I think the criticism of the elder reviewer just as valuable. It is in the end as useful to the object of applause to be told, in plain terms, that he alone can act Pyramus because he is a sweet faced man, a proper man, a most lovely, gentlemanlike man, as to have the same flummery administered under the guise of mock philosophy, with gabbling intonations about breadth, profundness, depth, length, thickness, and so forth; which, being interpreted, signify, in many cases, "I know nothing about acting or writing, but I do know that you can give me a box or a dinner, and therefore let me play to your Bottom, Quince the carpenter, in an ass's head, intended as a representation of Aristotle the Stagirite."

Alas! I am wandering far away from the forest. I can only plead that my guide has led me into my own congenial land of newspaper from his native soil of poetry. But he never long remains out of his own domain and the jokes and jests upon the unlucky company who undertook to perform

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth,"

are but intrusive matter amid the romantic loves, all chivalrous and a little classical, of Theseus and Hippolita, and the jealousies unearthly, and yet so earthly, of Fairy Land. The romance of early Greece was sometimes strangely confused by the romance of the middle ages. It would take a long essay on the mixture of legends derived from all ages and countries to account for the production of such a personage as the "Duke ycleped Theseus" and his following; and the fairy mythology of the most authentic superstitions would be ransacked in vain to discover exact authorities for the Shakspearean Oberon and Titania. But, no matter whence derived, the author knew well that in his hands the chivalrous and classical, the airy and the imaginative, were safe. It was necessary for his drama to introduce among his fairy party a creature of earth's mould, and he has so done it as in the midst of his mirth to convey a picturesque satire on the fortune which governs the world, and upon those passions which elsewhere he had with agitating pathos to depict. As Romeo, the gentleman, is *the* unlucky man of Shakspeare, so here does he exhibit Bottom, the Blockhead, as *the* lucky man, as him on whom Fortune showers her favors beyond measure.

This is the part of the character which cannot be performed. It is here that the greatest talent of the actor must fail in answering the demand made by the author upon our imagination. The utmost lavish of poetry, not only of high conception, but of the most elaborate working in the musical construction of the verse, and a somewhat recondite searching after all the topics favorable to the display of poetic eloquence in the ornamental style, is employed in the description of the fairy scenes and those who dwell therein. Language more brilliantly bejewelled with whatever tropes and figures rhetoricians catalogue in their books is not to be found than what is scattered forth with copious hand in Midsummer Night's Dream. The compliment to Queen Elizabeth,

"In maiden meditation fancy-free,"

was of necessity sugared with all the sweets that the *bon-bon* box of the poet could supply; but it is not more ornamented than the passages all around. The pastoral images of Corin

"Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida;"

the homely consequences resulting from the fairy quarrel,

"The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And the crows are fatted with the murrain flock:"

and so on, are ostentatiously contrasted with misfortunes more metaphorically related:—

"We see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall on the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set."

The mermaid chaunting on the back of her dolphin; the fair vestal throned in the west; the bank blowing with wild thyme, and decked with oxlip and nodding violet; the roundelay of the fairies singing their queen to sleep; and a hundred images beside of aerial grace and mythic beauty, are showered upon us; and in the midst of these splendors is tumbled in Bottom the weaver, blockhead by original formation, and rendered doubly ridiculous by his partial change into a literal jackass. He, the most unfitted for the scene of all conceivable personages, makes his appearance, not as one to be expelled with loathing and derision, but to be instantly accepted as the chosen lover of the Queen of the Fairies. The gallant train of Theseus traverse the forest, but they are not the objects of such fortune. The lady, under the oppression of the glamour cast upon her eyes by the juice of love-in-idleness, reserves her raptures for an absurd clown. Such are the tricks of Fortune.

Oberon himself, angry as he is with the caprices of his queen, does not anticipate any such object for her charmed affections. He is determined that she is to be captivated by "some vile thing," but thinks only of

"Ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,"

animals suggesting ideas of spite or terror; but he does not dream that, under the superintendence of Puck, spirit of mischief, she is to be enamored of the head of an ass surmounting the body of a weaver. It is so nevertheless; and the love of the lady is as desperate as the deformity of her choice. He is an angel that wakes her from her flowery bed; a gentle mortal, whose enchanting note wins her ear, while his beauteous shape enthralls her eye; one who is as wise as he is beautiful; one for whom all the magic treasures of the fairy kingdom are to be with surpassing profusion dispensed. For him she gathers whatever wealth and delicacies the Land of Faery can boast. Her most airy spirits are ordered to be kind and courteous to this *gentleman*,—for into that impossible character has the blindness of her love transmuted the clumsy and conceited clown. Apricocks and dewberries, purple grapes, and green figs, and mulberries, are to feed his coarse palate; the thighs of bees, kindled at the eyes of fiery glow-worms, are to light him to his flower-decked bed; wings plucked from painted butterflies are to fan the moonbeams from him as he sleeps; and in the very desperation of her intoxicating passion she feels that there is nothing which should not be yielded to the strange idol of her soul. She mourns over the restraints which separate her from the object of her burning affection, and thinks that the moon and the flowers participate in her sorrow.

"The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity."

Abstracting the poetry, we see the same thing every day in the plain prose of the world. Many is the Titania driven by some unintelligible magic so to waste her love. Some juice, potent as that of Puck,—the true Cupid of such errant passions,—often converts in the eyes of women the grossest defects into resistless charms. The lady of youth and beauty will pass by the attractions best calculated to captivate the opposite sex, to fling herself at the feet of age or ugliness. Another, decked with graces, accomplishments, and the gifts of genius, and full of all the sensibilities of refinement, will squander her affections on some good-for-nothing *roué*, whose degraded habits and pursuits banish him far away from the polished scenes which she adorns. The lady of sixteen quarters will languish for him who has no arms but those which nature has bestowed; from the midst of the gilded *salon* a soft sigh may be directed towards the thin-clad tenant of a garret; and the heiress of millions may wish them sunken in the sea if they form a barrier between her and the penniless lad toiling for his livelihood,

"Lord of his presence, and no land beside."

Fielding has told us all this in his own way, in a distich, (put, I believe, into the mouth of Lord Grizzle; but, as I have not the illustrious tragedy in which it appears, before me, I am not certain, and must therefore leave it to my readers to verify this important point.) Love

"Lords into cellars bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs."

Tom Thumb and Midsummer Night's Dream preach the one doctrine. It would be amusing to trace the courses of thought by which the heterogeneous minds of Fielding and Shakspeare came to the same conclusion.

Ill-mated loves are generally but of short duration on the side of the nobler party, and she awakes to lament her folly. The fate of those who suffer like Titania is the hardest. The man who is deprived of external graces of appearance may have the power of captivating by those of the mind: wit, polish, fame, may compensate for the want of youth or personal attractions. In poverty or lowly birth may be found all that may worthily inspire devoted affection—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

In the very dunghill of dissipation and disgrace will be raked up occasionally a lurking pearl or two of honorable feeling, or kind emotion, or irregular talent, which may be dwelt upon by the fond eye, wilfully averting its gaze from the miserable mass in which they are buried. But woe unto the unhappy lady who, like Titania, is obliged to confess, when the enchantment has passed by, that she was "enamored of an *ass!*" She must indeed "loathe his visage," and the memory of all connected with him is destined ever to be attended by a strong sensation of disgust.

But the ass himself of whom she was enamoured has not been the less a favorite of Fortune, less happy and self-complacent, because of her late repentance. He proceeds onward as luckily as ever. Bottom, during the time that he attracts the attention of Titania, never for a moment thinks there is anything extraordinary in the matter. He takes the love of the Queen of the Fairies as a thing of course, orders about her tiny attendants as if they were so many apprentices at his loom, and dwells in Fairy Land unobservant of its wonders, as quietly as if he were still in his workshop. Great is the courage and self-possession of an ass-head. Theseus would have bent in reverent awe before Titania. Bottom treats her as carelessly as if she were the wench of the next-door tapster. Even Christopher Sly, when he finds himself transmuted into a lord, shows some signs of astonishment. He does not accommodate himself to surrounding circumstances. The first order he gives is for a pot of small ale; and after all the elegant luxuries of his new situation have been placed ostentatiously before him,—after he has smelt sweet savors, and felt soft things,—after he begins to think he is

"A lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christopher [o] Sly;"

even then nature—or habit, which stands in the place of nature,—recurs invincible, and once more he calls for a pot of the smallest ale. (I may again cite Fielding in illustration of Shakspeare; for do we not read, in the Covent Garden tragedy, of the consolation that

"Cold small beer is to the waking drunkard;"

and do we not hear the voice of Christopher Sly praying, for God's sake, in the midst of his lordly honors, for a draught of that unlordly but long-accustomed beverage?) In the Arabian Night's Entertainments a similar trick is played by the Caliph Haroun Al-raschid upon Abou Hassan, and he submits, with much reluctance, to believe himself the Commander of the Faithful. But having in vain sought how to explain the enigma, he yields to the belief, and then performs all the parts assigned to him, whether of business or pleasure, of counsel or gallantry, with the easy self-possession of a practised gentleman. Bottom has none of the scruples of the tinker of Burton-heath, or the *bon vivant* of Bagdad. He sits down amid the fairies as one of themselves without any astonishment; but so far from assuming, like Abou Hassan, the manners of the court where he has been so strangely intruded, he brings the language and bearing of the booth into the glittering circle of Queen Titania. He would have behaved in the same manner on the throne of the caliph, or in the bedizened chamber of the lord; and the ass-head would have victoriously carried him through.

Shakspeare has not taken the trouble of working out the conclusion of the adventure of Sly; and the manner in which it is finished in the old play where he found him, is trifling and common-place. The Arabian novelist repeats the jest upon his hero, and concludes by placing him as a favorite in the court of the amused caliph. This is the natural ending of such an adventure; but, as Bottom's was supernatural, it was to conclude differently. He is therefore dismissed to his ordinary course of life, unaffected by what has passed. He admits at first that it is wonderful, but soon thinks it is nothing more than a fit subject for a ballad in honor of his own name. He falls at once to his old habit of dictating, boasting, and swaggering, and makes no reference to what has happened to him in the forest. It was no more than an ordinary passage in his daily life. Fortune knew where to bestow her favors.

Adieu, then, Bottom the weaver! and long may you go onward prospering in your course! But the prayer is needless, for you carry about you the infallible talisman of the ass-head. You will be always sure of finding a Queen of the Fairies to heap her favors upon you, while to brighter eyes and nobler natures she remains invisible or averse. Be you ever the chosen representative of the romantic and the tender before dukes and princesses; and if the judicious laugh at your efforts, despise them in return, setting down their criticism to envy. This you have a right to do. Have they, with all their wisdom and wit, captivated the heart of a Titania as you have done? Not they—nor will they ever. Prosper, therefore, with undoubting heart, despising the rabble of the wise. Go on your path rejoicing; assert loudly your claim to fill every character in life; and you may be quite sure that as long as the noble race of the Bottoms continues to exist, the chances of extraordinary good luck will fall to their lot, while in the ordinary course of life they will never be unattended by the plausive criticism of a Peter Quince.

Bentley's Miscellany.

AN AWKWARD FROLIC.

Four smartly-dressed young men entered a wine shop in Paris a short time since, where a solitary waiter was officiating at the counter. They called for four glasses of cognac, and while swallowing it one of the young men said to the others, "Well, has the evening been a good one?"

"So, so," answered another, pulling four handkerchiefs from his pocket, "this is all I have been able to do."

"I have had better luck," exclaimed the second, displaying to his comrades two well-lined purses.

"I can't exactly complain," said the third; "and these three snuff-boxes may answer for my fortune and address."

"Come," cried he who had first put the question, "I see I'm again the luckiest of you all;" and so saying, he displayed to the astonished eyes of his companions four gold watches, and an equal number of gold chains.

The waiter, who heard the whole of this conversation, trembled from head to foot. He took care to draw the key away from the till, and began to think how he should arrest the four scamps, who began, as he fancied, to cast very sinister looks upon him. Suddenly he heard a noise in the street. It was the patrol. He stooped as if he would pick up something from the ground, and rushed out of the house, bellowing out as if his life had been threatened. His loud vociferations soon brought the patrol to the door. The four fine gentlemen vainly attempted an explanation: no one would listen to them, and they were conducted to the commissary of police. On their arrival they were examined, and readily admitted the truth of the waiter's deposition: but they declared the whole to have been merely a frolic, having wished to amuse themselves for a few moments at the waiter's expense. One of the witty youths had taken the handkerchiefs of his three friends, to another had been consigned their several watches, and the other two had charged themselves with as many purses and snuff-boxes as they were able to raise. Thus prepared, they had played off their *pièce de brigands* so very naturally, that they not only imposed upon the simplicity of the waiter, but would certainly have been remanded till the following day, if, fortunately for them, the commissary of police had not been personally acquainted with one of the party, and therefore disposed to believe in the truth of his explanation.

THE LEGAL POACHER.

During the last Oxford Summer Assizes, a rather amusing adventure befel one of the learned gentlemen who attend that circuit. The man of law was no less than a king's counsel, who in point of legal lore is not excelled by any member of the big-wigged profession. One evening, after the fatigue of attending all day in court, the gentleman in question determined to indulge himself with a rural walk; and accordingly strolled along a foot-path which led across some fields by the side of a small copse or wood, in which the game belonging to a noble lord was strictly preserved and looked after. The learned counsel, luxuriating in the cool refreshing shade of the wood which overhung the path, and being perfectly unconscious of any injury he could possibly do if he ventured to indulge his fancy by entering this sylvan retreat, strayed a little way into the copse and amused himself with admiring the flowers and foliage around him. But he had scarcely abandoned himself to the beauties of nature, before a countryman, who saw the learned advocate quit the path and enter the wood, had his suspicions instantly awakened that all was not right: and without hesitation he went slily up to the K.C. and thus addressed him:—

"I zay, zir, what been ye doing in this here 'ood? Ye know ye ha' no business here, as I do know on."

"Business!" said the astonished counsel, "why I am doing no harm my good fellow."

"How do I know that, look ye?"

"Why, what harm *can* I be doing, do you think?"

"Harm!" said the rustic, "why, I'll tell ye what harm I think ye be a-doing; ye be a-poaching now, *that's* what I do think."

"But how can I be poaching without a gun or something to destroy game?" replied the learned gentleman.

"Oh, a gun do ye want, do ye? No, no, I think ye been a-snaring, that's what ye be after!"

"Well, well," said the counsellor, hoping to escape the accusation, "but there I must have some snares with me?"

"And so I dare say ye ha'. I dare lay a wager now, if ye ha' none in yer pockets, ye may be ha' got some in yer hat? But humsoever, ye ha' no business here, and that ye do know; so come, march! and do ye get out of the 'ood, into the path once again, and that in quick time, or maybap the law will ha' a little to do wi' ye, belike. Gun, say ye! why belike now ye be a-taken the pheasants' eggs; so do ye be going now!"

To these various and most feasible grounds of accusation, so quaintly brought against him, the counsellor found he had no legal defence, nor even sufficient ingenuity to satisfy his accuser of the innocence of his conduct; and for once he felt himself beaten by the arguments of a chaw-bacon, and was actually obliged to quit the wood and return along the path, subject to the opprobrious and loudly vented reproaches of dishonest intentions, which the countryman continued to pour forth until he had fairly scared the growling and mortified K.C. from off the property and out of hearing.

A SALOPIAN.

London (New) Sporting Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1837.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN IN ENGLAND.

We shall be pardoned for making a brief extract from a letter from a friend now abroad, which was not intended for the public eye. It is pleasant to observe how speedily Yankee gentlemen get inoculated in the mysteries of the English turf.

"The Newmarket meeting, which has just ended, has been very fashionably attended, and with some beautiful racing. Col. PEEL has been the *lucky man* of the week, and the noble owner of *Grey Momus*, the ill-starred one. Grey Momus was beat easily by inferior horses, to the wonder of all "in the secret;" but I am assured that the horse was ill. Although he ran so badly last week, he will astonish some of their weak minds yet, at least if he comes up to his reported private running in his public racing. He is a favorite for the Derby next year. A curious circumstance happened at Newmarket on the day of the Duke of Grafton's sale. A bay filly by St. Patrick, dam by Blacklock, out of Pope Joan, when coming out of the stable to be sold, reared, and striking her head against the frame of the door, fractured her skull, and died instantly. Grafton's stud—only four—were sold for 1000 guineas.

Lord CHESTERFIELD has sold *Carew*, for £600 to some gentleman in the West of England.

The King's sale of the Hampton Court Stud, on Wednesday next, will be quite a sight—all the Sporting world will be there—aye, and many more also; noble sportsmen and ignoble swell mob—good, bad, and indifferent, all sorts and sizes. There has been an attempt to raise a national stud, and never was there more noise excited among the gentlemen of the press; some are trying to make a party thing of it; some to make it better, others to make it worse—and all to make a great deal more fuss than it is worth. One thing is certain, that not one hoof will go to America. There are envoys come over from Prussia, Germany, France, Russia, but not one from our country. I sincerely regret the cause, and still more the effect which this must have on the improvement with us, as we shall never have such another opportunity offered us again.

London has hitherto been wofully dull, but a very full winter season is expected. The Queen is still at Brighton, badgered to death by her faithful people, who are all anxious to catch a glimpse of her royal phiz."

A great show of Carolina horses must have been made on the Augusta turf the past week. Charlotte Russe, Big John, Clodhopper, Leannah, Imp. Monarch, Kitty Heth, and others, were on their way thither by the last accounts.

Medora, it is supposed, will not again start, but is likely to enter the breeding stud of Col. Singleton, her distinguished owner, with the highest of all compliments, that of having never paid forfeit or lost a race.

Lath, the winner of the four mile purse at Camden, struck his leg in his race there, which it is rumored will prevent his starting again before the Charleston meeting in February next.

We have returns of the Mobile races, but they are so imperfect that we shall wait a while in hopes to receive a better report, before we sit down to the interminable labor of botching up the one now on hand.

We have a very brief newspaper report of the Moorfield (Va.) Fall races, but as the time and the pedigrees are omitted, we pray that some one interested in the horses that started there will furnish a full account.

We occasionally meet with our report of the late great race on Long Island in our Western exchange papers without credit. This is beyond doubt an inadvertence, but we so seldom have anything in our columns to the taste of our exchanges, that we are always anxious to receive credit for the little that is worth extracting.

Can the Western Visiter oblige us with the number of their paper containing a report of the Cynthiana races?

We rely upon Pete Whetstone for a graphic report of the races at Fayetteville, Arks.

☞ We regret very much the mince-meat that was made of a letter addressed us, and printed in our last number, relating to Bakewell sheep. The importer of the sheep in question, while in New York, remained at the Upper Bull's Head, 3d Avenue. It was from that place he addressed us, but upon leaving town for his home in the country, he left us his permanent address. This we endorsed upon his letter, but in such a manner that the compositor unluckily did not understand that it was to be inserted. The letter itself was lost in the printing office, and we can now only give the address from memory:—John Cowlen, Lafayette Township, Onondaga Co., N. Y. This may be hazardous, but if gentlemen wishing to purchase any of this importation, which is represented as very fine, should fail to receive a reply from Mr. Cowlen, they will please write us, and we will endeavor to see that they reach the proper quarter. We regret the loss of Mr. Cowlen's letter the more, as other errors of omission were made in giving it to the public.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM KENTUCKY.

LEXINGTON, (Ky.) Nov. 27, 1837.

MR. EDITOR,—As brother Jonathan, down East, would say, I have for some days been taking a peep at the fine cattle round about here, which has so stirred in me the "*Spirit of the Times*," that I believe I shall turn author, and write you a letter; not that I may rival the eccentric "Pete Whetstone," but merely that my old acquaintance in the neighborhood of the big *Bear Wallow* may be assured that their early croney yet figures, when they see the name of *Philo De Flint* swung out in a newspaper.

Well, I have just arrived from the country, having called on my friend Col. Henry Daniel, who has a stud of fine ones that would make the admirer of the race horse forget he had the tooth-ache, all as fine as aunt Jemima's new silk bonnet, that so tickled the fancy of Ensign Evans, that the old cavalier had well nigh hung himself for joy. In the group was a full sister to Maria Louisa, indicating more of the race nag than her beautiful and famed sister, and moves with as much elasticity and grace as did sister Sal, when sloping off with Joe Grigg the other evening to a quilting across Elkhorn. I was informed $1000 had already been offered for her, and refused. She is a filly of high finish, and without the trouble of tracing my genealogy back to any one of the Prophets, I venture to predict she will be as famous in future annals as is the *kiss "a body gave a body coming through the rye."* Then there was *Cascade*, out of the dam of Maria Louisa, by Bertrand, a beautiful rich bay, three years old, of lofty carriage, and commanding appearance. I believe he is in preparation for a Southern campaign; if so, it may be well for the "knowing ones" of that chivalrous region not to whistle before they are out of the wood;—some of their "cracks" may get in a *tight snap*. But I find myself spinning out this communication to a ten hundred; it will be sufficient, therefore, for the present to say, that Col. D. has in his stud many well-bred brood mares, and not a few *travellers* of very flattering promise, out of Whip, Gallatin, Hamiltonian, and Pacolet mares. I must, however, name one other—a sorel colt, 2 yrs. old, by James Cropper (not unknown to fame); and mark this, the descendant is destined to gather fresh laurels for the brow of his ancestor.

I was informed that Col. Daniels has it in contemplation to take this winter a stable of good ones to the South, under the direction and care of Mr. James W. Palmer; and that he will have in company that beautiful and high-formed race horse *Jasper*, by Columbus.

I also saw there that justly favorite and never-tiring race horse *Enceiro*, by Star, from the Old Dominion. The reputation which he has acquired upon the turf in his short though brilliant career, constitutes another *Star* in the diadem of his illustrious sire. But, having been withdrawn from the turf, he will make his first season next Spring at Col. Daniel's, of this County. And when we recollect the many fields upon which he has so nobly contended for glory, and the many victories won, I cannot but believe that he will be extensively patronized.

An offer has been made for Maria Louisa's first colt, if stinted to Enceiro, of $500 when dropped, but not taken.

But perhaps I am drawing too largely upon your patience, so I shall close for the present, wishing you a pleasant afternoon.

Yours, &c.,
PHILO DE FLINT.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Monday, Nov. 20, 1837. We give the amount of the purses as they were last year. They are omitted in the *Columbia Telescope* (to which paper we are indebted for the substance of the following report); but the error, if any there be, can be easily corrected, and can be of no moment to the general reader.

MONDAY, Nov. 20, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
Col. Singleton's ch. c. by Luzborough, out of Phenomenon 1 1
Col. J. H. Hammond's br. c. by Eclipse, out of Arcadia 2 2
Time, 4.03—4.09.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse $800, free for all ages; weights for 3 year olds as above, 4. 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.
M. L. Hammond's ch. h. *Hickory John*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 6 yrs.... 1 1
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Milwaukie*, by Bertrand, out of Rowena by Sumter, 4 yrs. 3 2
R. C. Richardson's b. c. *Delville*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Coquette, 3 yrs .... 2 dis
Col. J. H. Adams' gr. c. *Leiber*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs .... 4 dr
Time, 8.08—8.13.

The course very sandy and heavy. Hickory John, certainly a very fine horse, finished the second heat with a hoof split, and had there been thirty yards further to run, the race would have been won by Milwaukie. Delville was distanced by the mistake of his rider, who pulled up after the third round.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse $600, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, own sister to Trifle, 4 yrs 1 1
M. L. Hammond's bl. g. *Blue Black*, by Van Tromp, dam by Sir Archie, 6 yrs 2 2
Time, 6.02—6.15.

This race excited an especial interest. Blue Black is regarded at present as the crack horse of Georgia, and had been "bro't" on expressly to meet Charlotte Russe, who, but for this circumstance, would have run the day previous against Hickory John. The betting was immense, surpassing anything ever witnessed on a Carolina track. Hammond was sanguine himself, and his success the four mile day imparted confidence to the Georgians, who backed their *man* not less freely than their *horse*.

The contest was at no time doubtful. The splendid sister to Trifle took the track under a steady pull, and could have posted Blue Black the first heat, had she been called on. The second heat she finished in a walk, Col. Hampton, with his usual magnanimity, having directed her to be pulled up, to enable her competitor to get within the distance.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Six subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Emily*, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow 1 1
M. L. Hammond's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse 2 2
Time, 3.56—3.58.

The Georgians showed pluck, and laid out their money at 2 to 1 on Gerow, (Hammond's crack colt, and now matched for $5000, four mile heats, against Edmonson's filly, over the Lafayette Course, Augusta.) They thus hoped to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but, as appears by the result, had underrated the imported filly. She beat the colt cleverly, after a pretty race, and the effect upon the pockets of the Georgians of this double discomfiture may be *imagined*,—we don't wish to *feel* it; the Argyle defeat was effaced, or at least, *the account settled*.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. *Monarch* (Imp.) by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 3 y 1 1
R. C. Richardson's ch. m. *Betsey Baxter*, by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 5 yrs... 3 2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. m. *Gabriella*, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs .... 2 dis
M. R. Smith's ch. c. *Short Robin*, by Marcellus, dam by Darling Dove, 3 yrs .... 4 dr
Col. J. H. Adams' gr. c. *Leiber*, pedigree above, 4 yrs .... dist.
P. McRa's ch. f. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 3 yrs .... dist.
Time, 3.55—3.58.

Gabriella had a very bad start in the 2d heat, which lost her 70 or 80 yards. The Priam colt is a trump, nay, *the ace of trumps*. He won with all ease, and could have distanced the field in either heat.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse $300; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
M. L. Hammond's ch. m. *Igara Harrison*, by Eclipse dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs 1 1 1
Powell McRa's ch. g. *Eclat*, by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs 4 3 2
Capt. Colclough's ch. h. *Wilcox*, by Sir Charles, out of Wilcox's mare, 5 yrs 3 2 3
R. C. Richardson's b. c. *Delville*, pedigree above, 3 yrs .... 2 dist.
Time, 1:57—1:54—1.57.

In the 2d heat of this race Delville lost, by a bad start, more than a distance.

SATURDAY, Nov. 25—The Hampton Plate, entrance equal to the value of the Plate. Two mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. *Monarch* (Imp.), pedigree above, 3 yrs .... walked over.

PENDLETON (S. C.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Pendleton Course*, commenced on Thursday, 12th Oct., 1837. We are indebted to the courtesy of an unknown correspondent for the following report:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 12, 1837—Purse $—, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
Mr Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, 6 yrs 1 1
Mr. Maxwell's gr. f. *Jocassee*, by Red Gauntlet, out of Viola by Gallatin, 3 yrs .... 2 dr
Mr. Earp's b. c. *Governor Hayne*, by Red Gauntlet, dam by Americus, 4 yrs .... dist.
Mr. Osburn's s. h. *Union*, by Arab, dam by Carolinian, 4 yrs .... dist.
Time, 6:40.

Won easily. Jocassee was not 3 years old by from six weeks to two months. She had been so lame as to be thrown out of training for 20 days, and only taken up ten days before the race. She carried 12lbs. over weight, and Governor Hayne carried 6lbs.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Purse $—, free for all ages; weights as above; Two mile heats.
Mr. Duncan's ch. g. *Creeping Charley*, by Sir Charles, dam by ———, 5 yrs... 3 1 1
Mr. Maxwell's ch. g. *Peter Stuyvesant*, by Red Gauntlet, dam by ———, 5 yrs.. 1 2 dr
Mr. Earp's s. m. *Red Zela*, by Red Gauntlet, dam Black Sultan, 5 yrs .... 2 dist.
Mr. Osburn's bl. c. *Nameless*, by Phenomenon, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs .... dist.
Time, 4.10—4.09.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse $—, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.
Mr. Osburn's ch. g. *Jump-up-Joe*, pedigree omitted, aged 1 1
Mr. Maxwell's b. g. *Honest Joe*, by Red Gauntlet, dam not given, 4 yrs .... dist.
Mr. Duncan's br. f. by Bertrand, dam by Cedar, 4 yrs .... dist.
Mr. Earp's b. c. *Governor Hayne*, pedigree above, 4 yrs .... dist.
Time, 1.55.

MEMPHIS (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

MEMPHIS, (Tenn.) Nov. 16.

MR. EDITOR,—I attended the Memphis Jockey Club races this Fall, which commenced on the first Tuesday in November, and continued the week. The Course is entirely a new one, and this was the first meeting of the Club. The citizens and everybody appeared to be in the spirit of racing. Capt. Y. Oliver, of New Orleans, found the soft place he was in search of. Mr. Frost, from St. Louis, Col. Smith, from the middle part of the State, and Messrs. L. Coch and B. Davidson, of this district, were all in attendance with fine stables.

My object, Sir, in writing you this letter is to remind the sportsmen of the South and West, that Memphis is central, and should be the great place of meeting of all horses from Alabama, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, and all the lower country. Those who cannot travel here at all seasons of the year by steam, have as good roads as need be, and not more than two hundred and forty miles to travel by land, which they can do at the rate of twenty miles per day, and lodge their horses comfortably every night. From all other points than Alabama and Tennessee, they can come at any season by water, and that, too, in a very short time. The Club at this place hung up $1950 to be run for this season, and by the next meeting of the Club the purses will be about $2500. In travelling to the lower country, the place lies in the route, and all sportsmen passing with their horses. By the next season they will find as good a track as ever was run over, with good water, for there is on the track a large spring, that affords plenty of water at all seasons. T. G. Johnson, the proprietor, will spare no pains nor expense to fit it up as a race course should be, and to give general satisfaction.

Sportsmen, a word to you! The Memphis Club will have large purses, and they want to see sport. Make your inside stakes, your post stakes, and your match races: meet and run them *here*, where you will find as jolly a set of good fellows as ever you may meet with on a race track.

A SPORTSMAN.

John Wilkes was one day asked by a Roman Catholic gentleman, in a warm dispute upon religion, "where was your religion before Luther?" "Did you wash your face this morning?" inquired the facetious alderman. "I did, sir." "Then pray where was your face before it was washed."

Trifling with an Elephant.—An elephant, in passing through Upper Rahway last week, was treated by a boy with cabbage leaves, and a paper of tobacco, just by the way of dessert. Not relishing the latter, and feeling somewhat vexed, he raised his trunk and knocked over two or three citizens who happened to be near; and if he did not hurt them they were at all events, considerably scared!

TUSCUMBIA (Ala.) J. C. FALL RACES.

TUSCUMBIA, Nov. 14, 1837.

My Dear Sir—The Tuscumbia, Ala., Jockey Club Fall Races commenced this day, and notwithstanding the dreadful state of the track, they were maintained with spirit throughout. A great number of turfmen were in attendance, including Messrs. Ragland, Jackson, Davis, Gee, (query GHEE?) Blevins, Lane, Camp, Boddie, and others of equal note. A great disposition is evinced by the liberal citizens of Franklin Co. to patronize the sports of the turf; also to encourage the breeding of the blood horse. They have established an excellent Club, at the head of which is Col. ISAAC LANE. It is composed of the most influential citizens of Franklin and the adjoining counties, and when the necessary measures are taken to put the course in racing order, (for at present it lacks 161 yards of a mile), the Franklin Jockey Club and course will occupy a position second to none in North Alabama. The attendance on each day was very numerous, and nothing occurred to disturb the general harmony and good feeling that prevailed. The weather was every thing that could be wished; and considering the difficulties to be overcome, great credit is due to the proprietor, Mr. ROBT. RANSOM, for the arrangements made for the convenience and comfort of his patrons.

The following is a list of the officers:—

Col. ISAAC LANE, *President*; WM. COOPER, Esq., *Vice President*; GAB. W. LONG, Esq., *Second Vice*; JOHN MILLER, Esq., *Secretary*; SAMUEL PARRY, Esq., *Treasurer*. TIMERS: E. J. Bean, Thos. Eubank Leefe, Esqrs. JUDGES: Col. J. Camp, James Jackson, and Wm. Cooper, Esqrs. DISTANCE JUDGES: Monroe S. Fort, Samuel L. Cooling, Esqrs. PATROL JUDGES: Samuel M. Peters, H. Burton, Robt. Meredith, George Ragland, Alfred Matthews, Esqs. STEWARDS: W. C. Norwood, J. H. Trimble, A. A. Puryear, D. Carroll, Esqs.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, P. P. One mile out.
James Jackson's b. g. by Imp. Leviathan, dam not given .... Jim. 1
Robt. Ransom's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon 2
Charles Rutledge's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus 3
Time, 1.55.

No contest—won easily by Jackson's gelding—the Leviathan colt threw his rider.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $250, ent. $30, added; free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 121lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
Michael Davis' ch. f. *Piony*, by Count Badger, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs .... Jim. 1 1
Isaac Lane's b. m. *Harriet Fisher*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 5 yrs 2 2
James H. Bradfute's ch. f. *Victoria*, by Am. Eclipse, out of Isabella by Virginian, 4 y. dist.
Time, 3.56—3.53.

First Heat.—Victoria was the favorite, and was backed by her friends with great spirit. At the appointed time they came on the field, and after the preparatory word of the Judge, "saddle your horses," they came up to the starting post. Victoria had the track, Piony second, Harriet third. At the word "go," they got off in beautiful order, Piony leading, followed by Harriet, Victoria third under a severe pull, during which the stirrup strap slipped: thus they continued for the first mile and a half, when Victoria let out, passed Harriet, locked Piony, but fell back again a length, and in making the last turn in the stretch home, when Victoria was within her reach, her rider (Reuben) fell off, thus giving the heat without any further struggle to Piony.

Second Heat.—Harriet had the lead for the first round; Piony came up in the second, and together they made a desperate brush, which eventually Piony obtained, winning the heat by several lengths amidst the shouts of her backers. It was the opinion of many that Victoria would have won the race with great ease, as neither of her opponents were in any kind of order.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16—Purse $350, ent. $40, added; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.
James H. Bradfute's ch. f. *Victoria*, pedigree above, 4 yrs .... Reuben. 1 1
Samuel Ragland's b. f. *Queen of Diamonds*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir Archie, 4 y 2 2
Time, 5:33—5:41.

This race was decidedly one of the best contested that we have had this Fall. They were both winners, and their performances heretofore left all in doubt as to which would win the purse. Victoria beat the Queen at Franklin on the three mile day, and was herself beaten by Othello, out of the same stable as the Queen, on the four mile day, at Huntsville. The betting was great, and the result will be a caution for some time to come. The Queen was the favorite 2 to 1, and in some instances 3 to 1 was bet. Her friends went it with a perfect looseness, although it was well known that she had had no work since leaving Franklin, Tennessee, she there having received an injury in one of her legs.

Victoria had the track, which the Queen took at the first jump; they went away in a gallant manner, the Queen leading in the first mile. In the second Victoria received a hint to increase her stride, which quickly brought her up with the Queen. Now came the contest: the whip and spur were freely used; neck and neck they went together for this mile at the commencement of the third Victoria shook her off a little, but the Queen again came to her work, and after a killing brush the Queen fell back half a length, Victoria ultimately winning by two lengths.

Second Heat.—At the time appointed they again came up to the conflict; with an excellent start they got away, Victoria first. The Queen soon passed and lead in the first mile: in the second Victoria challenged her. In this round the running was severe. It now became evident that the race was Victoria's; the Queen appeared perfectly done up. It was fully expected she would have been distanced, but she rallied and made a desperate run home, Victoria winning by a few lengths. It was a terrible race, and without doubt one of the most interesting, most speculated upon, and best contested, in this section of country.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17—Purse $450, ent. $50, added, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.
James H. Bradfute's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by American Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archie, 4 yrs .... Reuben. 1 1
Samuel Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs 2 2
Time, 7:30—7:34.

The day was beautiful, and the reputation of Othello was such as to attract an immense crowd. Of Mary Wynn nothing was scarcely known, with the exception of her winning the two mile day at Nashville, beating Wren, the full sister of Linnet.

Othello was the favorite two to one; Mary had the track, and led off at a moderate stride with Othello at her haunches. This position was maintained for the first quarter, when Othello closed with her. The pace was now killing, running neck and neck for two miles together, when Othello dropped behind a length. Again he came to the work, and a rattling brush took place, but Mary maintained her own, winning the heat by half a length.

Second Heat.—After two ineffectual attempts, they at last got away, Mary again leading: Othello instantly made an attempt to get the track, but was unsuccessful: it was now apparent the race was Mary's. Othello made a noble struggle and contested the first three rounds with great spirit, but it was of no effect, Mary winning this heat easily. The result of this race was different to what was anticipated; and Othello, though beaten, has lost nothing in reputation. The race was one of intense excitement, and afforded great gratification to the crowd. Othello was not in condition; Mary Wynn is destined to make a noise in the world.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18—Proprietors' Purse $250, ent. $30, added; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Jas. H. Bradfute's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Isabella by Virginian, 6 y 2 2 1 1 1
David Conner's b. f. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 3 yrs .... 1 1 3 2 dr
Charles McLaren's b. c. *Jack Downing*, by Pacific, d. by Mons. Tonson, 3 y 3 3 2 dist.
Robert Ransom's ch. f. *Miss Chesterfield*, by Sir Charles, dam omitted, 4 y dist.
Time, 1.45—1.45—1.47—1.53.

First Heat.—Talledega had the track and the heat throughout, followed by Harkaway, Pacific third, Miss Chesterfield distanced.

Second Heat.—Talladega won this heat with ease.

Third Heat.—Talladega again went off with the lead, followed by Harkaway, who made a brush at her, passed and won the heat by two lengths.

Fourth Heat.—Harkaway took the lead from the jump, and was never locked—the Pacific fled the track.

Fifth Heat.—Harkaway, only, came up to the starting post—Talladega was drawn.

A Word by the Editor.

☞ If any thing could further illustrate the importance of an exact uniformity in the length of race tracks, it is such a report as the above. The races were evidently very interesting to the spectators, and would be so to all readers, were they at all able to compare the performances reported with the records of other meetings. But, alas! the deficiency of one hundred and sixty-one yards in a mile, requires too close and elaborate calculation to arrive at a fair estimate of the speed, for the general reader to make. Nor do we see how, from such a record, we shall be able to do justice in compiling our racing tables for the year.

[*Editor of the Spirit of the Times.*

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SALE OF SIR MARK WOOD'S STUD.

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The Newmarket men were in attendance in strong force, and the sale altogether exceeded the expectations of the executors more than 100 per cent.

GUINEAS.
1. *A Chesnut Mare*, by Bustard (by Castrel) out of Camelina (sister to Camel) the dam of Becassine; covered by Physician (both untried).—Danish Government 125
2. *Camarine*; covered by Physician (both untried).—Mr. Day 155
3. *Lucetta*; covered by Plenipotentiary (both untried) Marquis of Exeter...1000
4. *Pastime*, by Partisan, out of Quadrille, by Selim; covered by Physician (horse untried).—Lord G. Bentinck 388
5. *Louisa*, by Orville, out of Quadrille, by Selim; covered by Physician (horse untried).—Hon. G. Anson 125
6. *Rococo's Dam*, by Blacklock, out of Quadrille, by Selim; covered by Plenipotentiary (horse untried).—Mr. Bond 350

HORSES IN TRAINING.
7. *Amesbury*, by Phantom, out of Euphrasia, by Rubens—Sorcerer, &c.; from his blood and shape would make a fine stallion.—Mr. Litchwaldt. 180
8. *Tom Beazeley*, 4 years old, by Jerry, out of Tippet, &c.—Mr. Litchwaldt 250
9. *Blankney*, 3 years old, by Velocipede, out of Lunatic (the dam of Bessy Bedlam).—Mr. Hodges 105
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13. *A Bay Colt*, 3 years old, by Cetus, out of Leila, by Waterloo—Selim, &c.—Mr. Rothschild 83

TWO YEARS OLD.
14. *A Brown Filly*, by Camel, out of Codicil; bought at His Majesty's sale—Mr. Stevenson 510
15. *A Brown Colt*, by Partisan or Cetus, out of Louisa, by Orville, &c.—Mr. Berrington 165
16. *A Chesnut Filly*, by Rowton, dam by Sam, out of Morel.—Mr. Fischer to go to Germany 91
17. *A Bay Yearling Filly*, by Cetus, out of Lucetta (mare untried).—Hon. G. Anson 310
18. *A Chesnut Yearling Colt*, by Rowton, or Cetus, out of Camarine (mare untried).—Lord G. Bentinck 1010
19. *Brother to Rococo*, by Cetus, dam by Blacklock, out of Altisidora, &c.—Mr. Copeland 250
20. *A Bay Yearling Colt*, by Rowton, out of Bustle, by Whalebone.—Capt. Gardner 155
21. *A Bay Yearling Filly*, by Cetus, or Rowton, out of Pastime, by Partisan, out of Quadrille, by Selim, &c.—Mr. Stevenson 510

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28. *A Bay Mare*. } have been constantly driven together; very fast.— 45
29. *A Brown Gelding*. } Mr. Lockwood 63
30. *A capital Shooting Pony*.—Marquis of Anglesey 100

N. B. The remainder of the lease of the Hare Park, with capital Paddocks, &c., was offered immediately after the Stud. No bid for this lot: put up by Mr. Rainy.

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20 to 1 against colt out of Nonplus's dam (taken to 700*l.*); 20 to 1 against Cobham (taken to 1200*l.*); 29 to 1 agaist Marinella colt (taken to 600*l.*); 2800 to 1600, and afterwards 1300 to 800 against Scott and J. Day's lot jointly (taken); 5000 to 50 against Early Bird winning the Derby, Ninny the Oaks, and Caravan his match with Grey Momus (taken); 4000 to 100 against Bamboo winning the Derby, and Vulture her match with Grey Momus (taken).

OAKS.

5000 to 700 against Lord Exeter's lot (taken); 5000 to 700 against Lord Chesterfield's lot (taken); 3000 to 100 against Ursula filly, 3000 to 100 against Sister to Alfred, and 3000 to 100 against Sister to Venison, taken in one bet.

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The matches spoken of above, and alluded to in our last paper, were a welcome addition to the list for this Meeting, the six originally advertised having gone off in forfeits.

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Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T. Y. C. Four subs.
Captain Gardnor's *Toothill*, 4 yrs 7st. 13lb .... Nat 1
Colonel Peel's *Puppy*, 3 yrs 7st .... Pavis 2
Duke of Rutland's *Florestan*, 5 yrs 8st. 12lb .... Robinson .. 3

The betting opened at 6, and finished at 7 to 4 against Puppy, 7 to 4 against Florestan, and 3 to 1 against Toothill. Toothill cut out the work to the new ground, where Puppy took it up, and made strong play till within three strides of the Chair; here Toothill came again, and after a close struggle, won by a head; Florestan was beaten nearly two lengths.

Match for 100 a-side, h. ft. T. Y. C.
Colonel Peel's *Arsenic*, 8st. 7lb .... Pavis 1
Duke of Richmond's *Mus*, 8st. 7lb .... Rogers 2

Betting: Even and 11 to 10 on Arsenic, who made a waiting race of it to the cords, where she challenged, and, disposing of Mus without difficulty, won by a length.

Match for 100 a-side, h. ft. D. M.
Colonel Peel's f. by Bedlamite, out of Garcia, 8st. 5lb .... Pavis 1
Lord Suffield's Pocket Hercules, 8st. 6lb .... G. Edwards. 2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Garcia, who, following the successful example set by Arsenic in the previous match, suffered her opponent to make the running, collared him a distance from home, and won by a length easily.

The *Garden Stakes* of 100 each; T. M. M. Five subs.
Lord Exeter's *Velure*, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb .... Pettit ...
Mr. Greville's *Mango*, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb .... Rogers .
Colonel Peel's *Castaway*, 5 yrs 8st. 4lb .... Pavis ...

Betting,—2 to 1 on Mango (taken to a considerable amount), 4 to 1 against Velure, and 9 to 2 against Castaway; very little done on the non favorites. Velure made the running at so strong a pace, that at the ditch Rogers, who was lying second, found it necessary to use the whip; by a vast deal of this unpleasant kind of persuasion he managed to keep within a length of the mare until near the cords, where, shrinking from the whip, outpaced, and tired, the winner of the St. Leger was forced to give way altogether, and to suffer a defeat of three lengths—more than equal to the difference of the weights. Castaway had no chance, and was stopped some distance from home. Velure was very much distressed, and could scarcely raise a gallop up the cords. Mango's state was infinitely worse; indeed, so completely was the "go" taken out of both, that a moderately good donkey could have run faster than either in the last hundred yards of the race.

MATCH, 300, h. ft., T. Y. C.—Mr. Greville's Mango, 8 st. 9 lb., received from Mr. Greatrex's c. by The Colonel, out of Citron, 8 st.

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Colonel Peel's Puppy, 3 yrs. 7st. ..... Pavis 2
Duke of Rutland's Florestan, 3 yrs. 8st. 12lb. ..... Robinson .. 3

The betting opened at 6, and finished at 7 to 4 against Puppy, 7 to 4 against Florestan, and 3 to 1 against Toothill. Toothill cut out the work to the new ground, where Puppy took it up, and made strong play till within three strides of the Chair; here Toothill came again, and after a close struggle, won by a head; Florestan was beaten nearly two lengths.

Match for 100 a-side, h. ft. T Y C.
Colonel Peel's *Arsenic*, 8st. 7lb. ..... Pavis 1
Duke of Richmond's Mus, 8st. 7lb. ..... Rogers ... 2

Betting: Even and 11 to 10 on Arsenic, who made a waiting race of it to the cords, where she challenged, and, disposing of Mus without difficulty, won by a length.

Match for 100 a-side, h. ft. D.M.
Colonel Peel's f. by Bedlamite, out of Garcia, 8st. 5lb. ..... Pavis 1
Lord Suffield's Pocket Hercules, 8st. 6lb. ..... G. Edwards. 2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Garcia, who, following the successful example set by Arsenic in the previous match, suffered her opponent to make the running, collared him a distance from home, and won by a length easily.

The *Garden Stakes* of 100 each; T.M.M. Five subs.
Lord Exeter's *Velure*, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb. ..... Pettit ...
Mr. Greville's Mango, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. ..... Rogers .
Colonel Peel's Castaway, 5 yrs 8st. 4lb. ..... Pavis ...

Betting,—2 to 1 on Mango (taken to a considerable amount), 4 to 1 against Velure, and 9 to 2 against Castaway; very little done on the non favorites. Velure made the running at so strong a pace, that at the ditch Rogers, who was lying second, found it necessary to use the whip; by a vast deal of this unpleasant kind of persuasion he managed to keep within a length of the mare until near the cords, where, shrinking from the whip, outpaced, and tired, the winner of the St. Leger was forced to give way altogether, and to suffer a defeat of three lengths—more than equal to the difference of the weights. Castaway had no chance, and was stopped some distance from home. Velure was very much distressed, and could scarcely raise a gallop up the cords. Mango's state was infinitely worse; indeed, so completely was the "go" taken out of both, that a moderately good donkey could have run faster than either in the last hundred yards of the race.

MATCH, 300, h. ft., T. Y. C.—Mr. Greville's Mango, 8 st. 9 lb., received from Mr. Greatrex's c. by The Colonel, out of Citron, 8 st.

MATCH, 200, h. ft., T. Y. C.—Col. Peel's Vulture, 7 st. 12 lb., received from Lord Lichfield's Elis, 8 st. 6 lb.

MATCH, 200, h. ft., T. Y. C.—Lord Suffield's Caravan, 8 st. 5 lb., against Lord Chesterfield's Critic, 8 st. 1 lb.—Off by consent.

CLEARWELL STAKES, P. P.—In the course of the day 6 to 4 and 13 to 8 were laid several times against Grey Momus, the latter odds being offered at the close of the day; 7 to 2 offered in the morning, and 4 to 1 in the evening against Saintfoin, and 5 to 1 against any other; two or three parties offered to take 6 to 1 about one of Col. Peel's, supposed to be Ion; 8 to 1 against Lord Exeter's sister to Corban and Greenmantle, and the same odds (afterwards offered) against each of the following lots in one bet:—Colonel Peel's, Lord Chesterfield's, and Lord Exeter's.

THE DERBY.—12 to 1 against Grey Momus (taken to 300*l.*), 12 to 1 against Cobweb colt (taken to about 200*l.*), 17 to 1 against The Early Bird (taken, afterwards offered), 20 to 1 against Nonplus's dam (18 to 1 taken in the morning), and 12 to 1 against Nonplus's dam and Bamboo (taken), and 1000 to 500 agst. Scott's and J. Day's lots together (taken).

TUESDAY.—What with the influx of market people, the arrival of several fashionables, and the sales, the town presented quite a bustling scene in the early part of the day. How the marketing provisions went on we know not, but if it succeeded no better than the sale of horse-flesh, the yokels must have had a bad time of it. The principal lots put up were Hornsea, Carew, Critic, the Arachne colt, Spartacus, Anchorite, a two year old by Zinganee, out of Mahiran, Caroline Elvina, Snarleyyow, by Sir Benjamin Backbite, Edgar, and a yearling colt by Actæon, out of Locket. Of these the only lots sold were Snarleyyow, for 310 gs., Arachne colt, 250 gs., and Critic, 110 gs.; Hornsea was bought in for 1200 gs., and Carew for 530 gs. In the course of the morning a good deal of business was done on the Clearwell at 5 to 4 against Grey Momus, 4 to 1 against Ion (backed heavily), 5 to 1 against Saintfoin, and 10 to 1 against Mecca. For the Derby, Ion was backed at 30 and 25 to 1 for a large sum, and the former odds taken separately about Marinella and Bamboo; no other change. The entries for the usual two year old plate having exceeded sixteen, it was divided into two classes, the first of which came off as follows:—

First Class—50*l.* for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.
Colonel Peel's *Paganini* ..... Pavis 1
Lord Berners' ch. f. by Lamplighter, dam by Oscar ..... G. Edwards. 2
Lord Chesterfield's Anchorite ..... Nat. 3
Lord Exeter's f. Kittle, sister to Green Mantle ..... Mann 4

The following were not placed:—Sir S. Graham's c. by Emilius, out of Variation (Robinson); Mr. J. Weatherby's Padronessa, by Redgauntlet, out of Patron's dam (Boyce); Mr. Thornhill's Munchausen, by Merchant, out of Misnomer's dam (Conelly); and Duke of Richmond's c. by Tranby, out of Conciliation (Rogers). Betting,—Even and 11 to 10 on Anchorite, 5 to 1 agst. Paganini, 5 to 1 agst. Munchausen (taken), 5 to 1 against Lamplighter filly, and 6 to 1 against Kirtle. Nearly half an hour was lost in false starts, and the real one was so badly managed, that Paganini and the Lamplighter filly were suffered to get away with so strong a lead, that the others were never able to reach them. Paganini made the running at a good pace, followed by the Lamplighter filly into the cords, where she made an attempt to go ahead, but fading, swerved against the cords, upset a man who was standing inside them, and nearly unseated Geo. Edwards, leaving Paganini to win by a length cleverly. Anchorite ran in about three lengths behind the second, followed by Kirtle, the remaining four being several lengths astern. After the races an inquiry was instituted by the Stewards into the cause of the false starts, with the intention, we believe, of drawing up some rule for their prevention in future. Why not make it imperative on the jockeys to retire a certain number of yards behind the starting post, and walk up in line? We are aware that there is a law bearing on the point, but we never saw it enforced.

Second Class—50*l.* for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.
Mr. Hunter's b. c. *Osprey* ..... J. Day. 1
Colonel Peel's St. Vitus ..... Pavis .. 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. J. Rogers' b. f. by Longwaist, dam by Soothsayer, out of Miss Eliza Teazle (Rogers); Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Salute (Conelly); Duke of Richmond's Hoogley (a lad); Mr. Blake's b. f. Mirth, by Grey Comus, out of Xarifa (Chapple); Mr. Sowerby's Marigold, by Skiff, out of Moss Rose (Mann); and Lord Jersey's f. by Priam, out of Johanna (Robinson). Betting,—6 to 4 on Osprey, 5 to 1 against Longwaist filly, and 5 to 1 against Salute. The Longwaist filly made play, with Osprey and St. Vitus in close attendance, till they were a few yards up the cords, where the two passed him, and made a beautiful finish, Osprey winning by a neck only. The Longwaist filly was third, Salute fourth, and Hoogley fifth; the others were beaten off.

Match for 200 a-side, h. ft. D.M.
Mr. Thornhill's *Egeria*, 8st. 8lb. ..... Conelly. 1
Lord Exeter's Velure, 8st. 11lb. ..... Mann ... 2

Betting: 7 to 4 on Velure, who had such a gruelling for the Garden Stakes, that she was unable to live with her opponent, who had it all her own way, and won by three lengths.

The *Clearwell Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.; T.Y.C.; winner of the July Stakes 7lb. extra; 40 subs.
Colonel Peel's *Ion*, by Cain, out of Margaret ..... Pavis 1
Colonel Peel's Paganini, by Sir Benjamin, out of Miss Craven ..... Chapple . 2
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Saintfoin ..... Conelly .. 3

The following were not placed:—Lord Exeter's Mecca, sister to Corban—7lb. extra (Nelson); Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Ramona (Mann); Mr. Bowe's gr. c. Grey Momus, by Comus, dam by Cervantes (J. Day); Lord Suffield's c. Bamboo, by Cain (G. Edwards); and Lord Chesterfield's Anchorite (Nat). Betting at starting: 10 to 6 against Grey Momus, 2 to 1 agst. Ion, and 6 to 1 agst. Saintfoin. Ion and Paganini had it all to themselves, and ran quite away from the ruck, Ion leading and Pag. encouraging him; so they began, and so they finished, Ion winning easily by a length. Pag. beat Saintfoin by about two lengths, and Saintfoin beat Grey Momus by a length, just the same as he defeated him by for the Hopeful. The Ramona filly was head and head with the grey, and the others some yards behind.

Match, 100, h. ft. A. F.—Lord Exeter's Comate received from Mr. Wilson's f. by Emilius, out of Maria, 8st. 4lb. each.

Match, 100, h. ft. T.Y.C.—Lord Suffield's f. by Camel, out of Ursula, received from Lord Tavistock's c. by Taurus, out of Mysie, 8st. 5lb. each.

The Derby.—After the races Ion was backed freely at 10 to 1, and 17 to 1 taken about the Early Bird; 18 to 1 offered agst. Grey Momus (taken 20 to 1), and 2,000 even laid on him and The Early Bird against Ion. The rest as before.

WEDNESDAY.—Previous to the races the Duke of Grafton's yearlings were put up, and the following lots sold:—

Chesnut colt, by Langar, out of Dublin, by St. Patrick, out of Paun os. 280
Junior; engaged in the Vacillation Stakes, 150 each, Craven Meeting, 1839 (the second horse receives 20 sovs. out of the Stakes), and in the Derby, 1839 220
Chesnut colt, by Taurus, out of Tontine, in the Derby, 1839 170
Brown colt, by Merchant, out of Zinc; no engagement 210
Bay colt, by St. Patrick—Pastille; in the Epsom & Ascot Derbies, 1839 115
Chesnut filly, by Taurus, out of Problem; in the July and Chesterfield Stakes, 1838, and in the Oaks, 1839 81
Chesnut filly, by Merchant, out of Turquoise, &c.; no engagement 81

Just as the horses were leaving the paddocks for sale, one of them, a bay filly, by Taurus, dam by Blacklock, out of Pope Joan, reared up, fell back, broke her neck, and died on the spot; she had no engagement.

In the course of the day some bets were made on the Derby, and several horses mentioned, but not backed. The following are the average prices:—

9 to 1 agst. Ion (taken 10 to 1)—11 to 1 agst. Cobweb (tak. 12 to 1)—15 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's lot (offered)—16 to 1 agst. The Early Bird (tak.)—20 to 1 agst. Volunteer (tak. 25 to 1)—20 to 1 agst. Cobham (tak. 25 to 1)—20 to 1 agst. Grey Momus (taken and afterwards offered)—20 to 1 agst. Nonplus's dam (tak. 25 to 1)—20 to 1 agst. D'Egville (tak. 25 to 1)—30 to 1 agst. Dormouse (offered)—33 to 1 agst. Bamboo (taken)—30 to 1 agst. Marinella (taken)—50 to 1 agst. Enoch (taken and afterwards offered)—2,000 to 30 agst. Nina filly and Sister to Glaucus (taken)—500 even laid on Colonel Peel for the Derby agst. Lord Exeter for the Oaks; odds afterwards offered on Lord Exeter.

The returns will show that the sport turned out better than was expected:—

The *Outlands Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., if declared, &c.; B.M.; five subs., three of whom declared. ..... Robinson. 1
Mr. Sowerby's *Ruby*, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb. ..... Pavis 2
Lord Suffield's Pocket Hercules, 3 yrs 7st. 12lb. ..... Robinson. 3

The betting at first was 5 to 4 on Ruby; it then decreased to 6 to 5, and, during the delay occasioned by his throwing a plate, shifted to 6 to 5 on the other, a good deal of money being laid out. Pocket Hercules took the lead, and at the top of the hill appeared to be winning in a canter. Robinson, however, finding that he had little left in his horse, waited with great patience, made a tremendous rush two or three strides from the Chair, and enabled the Judge to pronounce it a dead heat. The second heat was run after the match, the odds then being 7 to 4 on Pocket Hercules. The race this time was run very differently, Ruby making nearly all the play, and winning in a canter by four lengths.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 year olds, 7st. 3lb., and 3 years, 9st.; fillies allowed 3lb.; T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 80*l.*, &c. Five subs.
Captain Gardner's *Dudu*, 3 yrs. ..... Pavis 1
Lord Albemarle's Handy Dandy, 2 yrs. ..... Cotton 2
Duke of Grafton's Novello, 2 yrs. ..... Rogers 3
Mr. Atkins' Antelope, 3 yrs. ..... Mann 4
Mr. Bond's Kensington, 2 yrs. ..... Chapple ... 5

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Dudu, 3 to 1 agst. Novello, and 4 to 1 agst. Handy Dandy. Dudu made all the play, won by two lengths, and was claimed. The others were dispersed all over the course.

Match for 50 a-side, A.F.
Duke of Richmond's c. by Tranby, out of Conciliation, 8st. 7lb. ..... Rogers. 1
Mr. W. S. Stanley's Tivoli, brother to Tiller, 8st. 11lb. ..... Nat. 2

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Tivoli, who was beaten by a head.

Match, 200, h. ft. T.Y.C.—Lord Chesterfield's Critic, 8st. 8lb., received from Lord Suffield's Bamboo, 7st.

THURSDAY.—A few lots from Lord Orford's stud were put up for sale previous to the races, but only two sold, viz., Renzi, 3 yrs., by Tramp, 100 gs., and a yearling filly, sister to Daniel, 15 gs.

The Derby betting was flat, and limited to a few horses: 9½ to 1 against Ion, 13 to 1 agst. Cobweb, 15 to 1 agst. The Early Bird, 20 to 1 agst. D'Egville (taken in hundreds, the taker offering to go on), 1,000 to 60 agst. Nina filly and sister to Glaucus (taken), and 4,000 to 50 agst. the Scurry and Bustle colts [taken]; offers to take 6 to 5 between Ion and Cobweb.

The Oaks: 1000 to 60 against sister to Ruby [taken]. Prendergast Stakes, p. p.: After the races several bets were made on this race, first at 5 to 2 agst. D'Egville, and 3 to 1 ag. Saintfoin, and afterwards at 2 to 1 ag. D'Egville, and 7 to 2 ag. the other; several bets were made between these two and the field, and 2 to 1, and afterwards 6 to 4 laid ag. Colonel Peel's and Lord Exeter's lots. D'Egville arrived here this afternoon per caravan, having left Stockbridge on Wednesday morning. It was stated in the ring that Saintfoin was slim-sore, and that his starting was not by any means certain. The racing came off as follows:—

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for 2 year olds, colts 8st 4lb., fillies 8st 2lb. First half of Ab. M. Five subs.
Lord Albemarle's *Handy Dandy* ..... Cotton... 1
Lord Stradbroke's Lara ..... Nat..... 2
Duke of Richmond's Wimple ..... Rogers. 3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Hunter's f. by Gustavus, out of Peggy [Connelly]; and Mr. I. Day's b. c. by Sir Hercules, out of Zelinda (Pavis).—The betting opened at 2 to 1 agst. Handy Dandy, and 3 to 1 ag. Wimple [tak]: Wimple then came into favor, and closed at 7 to 4, 3 to 1 being taken about Lara, and 4 to 1 offered agst. the Zelinda colt; Handy remained at 2 to 1.—Handy made all the running, and won by half a length, Lara beating Wimple by a head only: Zelinda was last. The winner was claimed.

Handicap Plate of 100*l.*, for 3 year olds and upwards; A.F.
Mr. Wilson's *Quicksilver*, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb. ..... Rogers. 1
Captain Gardner's Magician, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb. ..... Pavis ... 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. [Robinson]; Lord Suffield's Turban, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb [Conelly]; Lord Exeter's Comate, 3 ys. 7st. 7lb. [Mann]; Mr. Batson's Voluptuary, 3 ys. 7st. 1 lb. [Nat]; Mr. Smith's La Meprise, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb.—carried 6st. 7lb. [Boyce]; and Mr. Ellis's Miss Sophia, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb [Doe]. Betting: 2 to 1 agst. St. Luke, 5 to 1 agst. Voluptuary [taken freely], 5 to 1 agst. Comate, 7 to 1 ag. La Meprise, 8 to 1 ag. Turban, and 10 to 1 ag. Quicksilver [6 to 1 was his price until within five minutes of starting]. Quicksilver and Comate made the running to the bushes, where the filly gave way: the horse carried on the running till within a distance of the winning-post, when Magician went up, and the two entered the cords abreast; the latter, however, could not stay his course, and the son of Velocipede won cleverly by a length. St. Luke was third, Voluptuary fourth, and Turban fifth; the others were beaten off.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C. Six subs. The winner to be sold for 150, &c.
Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Elf* ..... Nat..... 1
Lord Albemarle's Hurricane ..... G. Edwards

The following were not placed:—Duke of Richmond's c. by Tranby, out of Conciliation [Rogers]; Colonel Peel's Miss Coliford [Pavis]; and Lord Exeter's f. by Sultan, out of Salute [Conelly]. Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Salute, 5 to 2 ag. Hurricane, and 5 to 1 ag. Elf. Miss Coliford led the van, with Salute, Elf, and Hurricane at her side till they reached the ropes, where Hurricane took up the running, pulling as if he meant winning, and nothing else; Elf, however, collared him half way up, and won by a head, after a sharp contest; Salute and Miss Coliford were next.

The *Town Plate* of 50*l.*; 3 year olds 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 11 lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 1 lb. T M M. The winner to be sold for 200, &c.
Duke of Richmond's *Sepoy*, 4 yrs. ..... Rogers... 1
Sir S. Graham's Pismire, 5 yrs. ..... Nat..... 2
Lord Suffield's Turban, 5 yrs. ..... Pavis..... 3
Mr. Cooke's Fidelio, 5 yrs. ..... Robinson. 4
Mr. Clark's ch. f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, 3 yrs. ..... Moss..... 5

Betting: 2 to 1, and afterwards 6 to 4 agst. Sepoy [taken freely], 3 to 1 agst. Pismire, 3 to 1 ag. Fidelio, and 6 to 1 ag. Turban [taken]. Turban made play as hard as he could split, with the others well laid up to the new ground, where Clarke's filly gave up; at the cords Sepoy went in front, followed by Pismire, and won by a length; he was claimed.

Match, 50 h. ft., T.Y.C.—Lord Suffield's Rint, 8st., agst. Lord Chesterfield's Snarley You, 7st. 10lb.—Off by consent.

Match, 50, h. ft., T.Y.C.—Duke of Richmond's Hoogley, 8st. 4lb. agst. Lord Chesterfield's Snarley You, 8st. 1lb.—Off by consent.

FRIDAY—*Handicap Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs. each; T.Y.C. Eight subs.
Lord Albemarle's f. by The Colonel, out of Bassilea, 3 yrs. 7st. ..... Cotton.. 1
Colonel Peel's Rosabel, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. ..... Pavis ... 2
Mr. Rush's Taglioni, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. ..... Chapple. 3

The following were not placed:—Capt. Gardner's Magician, 4 yrs. 9st. [Nat]; Mr. J. Day's Fouzool, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. [Rogers]; Sir S. Graham's Avon, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb. [Pettit]; and Colonel Peel's Clifton, 3 yrs. 7st. 11lb. [Arnull]. Betting: 9 to 4 ag. Magician, 7 to 2 ag. Taglioni [taken], 4 to 1 ag. Rosabel, 5 to 1 agst. Clifton, and 5 to 1 ag. the winner. The three horses placed ran in front nearly abreast till within twenty yards of the cords, where the Colonel filly went in advance of her companions, kept so to the end, and won by a length, Taglioni running in third; Clifton bolted.

Match for 100 each, h. ft. T.Y.C.
Mr. Hunter's *Osprey*, 2 yrs. 7st. ..... Nat..... 1
Lord Exeter's Velure, 2 yrs. 8st. 12lb. ..... Conelly.. 2

The betting was first 5 to 4 on Osprey, and continued so till the horses got to the post, when it became even, the mare for choice.—Osprey had the race in hand throughout, and won in a canter by two lengths.

Match for 200 a-side, h. ft. D.M.
Duke of Richmond's *Mus*, 8st. 6lb. ..... Rogers.. 1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, 8st. 6lb. ..... Conelly . 2

Betting: 6 to 5 on Mus at the beginning, and afterwards even betting.—Mendizabal made the running to the ropes, where Mus challenged, looking at the time to have two to one the best of it; the race was sharply contested to the end, Mus winning by a head only.

Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. T.Y.C. Eight subs.
Colonel Peel's *Puppy*, 3 yrs. 8st. 10lb. ..... Pavis. 1
Mr. S. Smith's La Meprise, 3 yrs. 8st. 2lb. ..... Nat.... 2

The following were not placed:—Lord Jersey's f. by Sultan, out of Figaro, 3 yrs. 8st. 3lb. [Conelly]; Duke of Rutland's f. by Hawker, dam by Pan, 2 yrs. 7st. 5lb. [Boyce]; Mr. Gratwicke's f. by The Colonel, out of Frederica, 2 yrs. 7st. 5lb. [Chapple]; and Mr. Pettit's f. by Taurus, out of Miss Mary Anne, 2 yrs. 6st. 11lb. [Pettit]. Betting: 6 to 4 ag. Hawker fille, 4 to 1 ag. Puppy, 5 to 1 ag. Miss Mary Anne, and 6 to 1 ag. La Meprise. The Hawker filly made the running to the new ground, where Puppy, La Meprise, and Miss Mary Anne went up, Puppy leading to the cords, where La Meprise, made an attempt to reach them, but failed, and was defeated by a length; Pettit's filly was next.

The *Prendergast Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. T.Y.C. Thirty four subs.
Mr. J. Day's *D'Egville*, by The Colonel, out of Varennes ..... J. Day..... 1
Colonel Peel's b. f. Wave, by Defence—Versatility ..... Pavis 2
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Mecca, sister to Corban ..... Nelson 3
Mr. Thornhill's Saintfoin, by St. Patrick ..... Conelly ... 4

A good deal of money was laid at the beginning of the betting at 5 to 4 agst. D'Egville; it then became even, and just before starting 11 to 10 was laid on him, 7 to 2 ag. Wave [taken], 5 to 1 ag. Saintfoin, and 6 to 1 ag. Mecca [taken]. Mecca went off with the lead at a good pace, the others lying up to the new ground, where Wave took up the running, followed by Mecca, the favorite waiting on them, and Saintfoin giving way as they rose the hill from the bottom.—About two thirds of a distance from home, D'Egville went up to Wave, headed him at the cords, made the rest of the play, and won cleverly by a length, beating Mecca nearly three lengths, and Saintfoin four or five. Before the race 17 to 1 was laid ag. D'Egville for the Derby; after it they offered to back him agst. Ion at even.

Match for 100 a-side, h. ft. T.Y.C.
Mr. Thornhill's *Egeria*, 8st. 12lb. ..... Conelly. 1
Colonel Peel's Paganini, 7st. ..... Pavis ... 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Paganini, who was beaten by half a length, after a good race.

The Criterion Stakes, P.P.—6 to 5 laid on D'Egville agst. Ion.

The Derby—10 to 1 agst. D'Egville (11 to 1 taken); 10 to 1 agst. Ion (11 to 1 taken): 200 to 55 on John Day's lot. Several even bets made between the two favorites, D'Egville having the call.

THE APOLLO.—This beautiful little establishment opened on Monday evening last with the drama of *Blue Beard* and the ballet of *La Sylphide*. The performances through the week have continued to receive the most decided and encouraging marks of approbation from numerous and fashionable audiences. The juvenile part of our community appear to be especially delighted. Of course there is no attempt to disguise the fact that everything is done by machinery; but every one is bound to confess that "machinery is brought to a high state of perfection." We are assured also by those familiar with the matter, that in the highly successful establishments of this sort in Europe, the action of the machinery is much less disguised than here. Its fine orchestra alone should render this house attractive; and when we couple with its novel entertainments the luxury of Wooldridge's gentlemen's and ladies' saloons attached to the establishment, we think we may safely predict for "THE APOLLO" a successful campaign.

TUSCUMBIA (Ala.) J. C. FALL RACES.

TUSCUMBIA, Nov. 14, 1837.

My Dear Sir—The Tuscumbia, Ala., Jockey Club Fall Races commenced this day, and notwithstanding the dreadful state of the track, they were maintained with spirit throughout. A great number of turfmen were in attendance, including Messrs. Ragland, Jackson, Davis, Gee, (query GEE?) Blevins, Lane, Camp, Boddie, and others of equal note. A great disposition is evinced by the liberal citizens of Franklin Co. to patronize the sports of the turf; also to encourage the breeding of the blood horse. They have established an excellent Club, at the head of which is Col. ISAAC LANE. It is composed of the most influential citizens of Franklin and the adjoining counties, and when the necessary measures are taken to put the course in racing order, (for at present it lacks 161 yards of a mile), the Franklin Jockey Club and course will occupy a position second to none in North Alabama. The attendance on each day was very numerous, and nothing occurred to disturb the general harmony and good feeling that prevailed. The weather was every thing that could be wished; and considering the difficulties to be overcome, great credit is due to the proprietor, Mr. ROBT. RANSOM, for the arrangements made for the convenience and comfort of his patrons.

The following is a list of the officers:—

Col. ISAAC LANE, *President*; WM. COOPER, Esq., *Vice President*; GAB. W. LONG, Esq., *Second Vice*; JOHN MILLER, Esq., *Secretary*; SAMUEL PARRY, Esq., *Treasurer*. TIMERS: E. J. Bean, Thos. Eubank Leefe, Esqrs. JUDGES: Col. J. Camp, James Jackson, and Wm. Cooper, Esqrs. DISTANCE JUDGES: Monroe S. Fort, Samuel L. Coohing, Esqrs. PATROL JUDGES: Samuel M. Peters, H. Burton, Robt. Meredith, George Ragland, Alfred Matthews, Esqs. STEWARDS: W. C. Norwood, J. H. Trimble, A. A. Puryear, D. Carroll, Esqs.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, P. P. One mile out.
James Jackson's b. g. by Imp. Leviathan, dam not given ..... Jim. 1
Robt. Ransom's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon 2
Charles Rutledge's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus 3
Time, 1:55.

No contest—won easily by Jackson's gelding—the Leviathan colt threw his rider.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $250, ent. $30, added; free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
Michael Davis' ch. f. *Piony*, by Count Badger, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. ..... Jim. 1 1
Isaac Lane's b. m. *Harriet Fisher*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 5 yrs. 2 2
James H. Bradfute's ch. f. *Victoria*, by Am. Eclipse, out of Isabella by Virginian, 4 y. dist.
Time, 3:56—3:53.

First Heat.—Victoria was the favorite, and was backed by her friends with great spirit. At the appointed time they came on the field, and after the preparatory word of the Judge, "saddle your horses," they came up to the starting post. Victoria had the track, Piony second, Harriet third. At the word "go," they got off in beautiful order, Piony leading, followed by Harriet, Victoria third under a severe pull, during which the stirrup strap slipped: thus they continued for the first mile and a half, when Victoria let out, passed Harriet, locked Piony, but fell back again a length, and in making the last turn in the stretch home, when Victoria was within her reach, her rider (Reuben) fell off, thus giving the heat without any further struggle to Piony.

Second Heat.—Harriet had the lead for the first round; Piony came up in the second, and together they made a desperate brush, which eventually Piony obtained, winning the heat by several lengths amidst the shouts of her backers. It was the opinion of many that Victoria would have won the race with great ease, as neither of her opponents were in any k

HUNTING AT ANTWERP.

TWO DAYS AT BRAESCHAT.

"Vive ut vivas."

"COLD blew the wind" as I put forth my nose from my chamber window, "and pitiless fell the snow" as I again shut the casement; and deep were my muttered grumblings as I again rolled myself between the blankets, on the 20th of the blessed month of March. We all profess to be astonished at the "march of intellect—march of steam—march of education—march of rail-roads;" but they all fall short of the March of 1837! this march of snow which has just gone by.

Arrangements had been made to hunt for two days near Antwerp, at a village called Braeschat: the hounds and nags had been sent on by easy stages, and in the afternoon of the 20th, in as comfortable a frost as one could desire, I found myself spinning along at the tail of a locomotive, in company with the master of the pack and a bagged fox, which had just been sent me as a present, having only been caught some dozen hours. I popped him in a hamper, in case we should not find; for the principal object in going to a new country was to hunt foxes, which were said to abound there. As your limits are so confined, I will curtail my story, and merely give you a diary.

March 21*st*.—The sun shone brightly, but it was as cold as charity; a strong muster to breakfast at the Hotel d'Angleterre. One over-anxious youth in a pink took on himself to strike up a *reveille* in the court-yard, which quickly brought a quantity of night-shirted males and females to all the windows, the crowd outside dense, to witness our coats. What a wonderful effect a bit of red rag has! equally efficacious in catching mackerel and young ladies!

At nine squeezed into an omnibus-and-four; did our nine miles in the hour; Jehu seemed to enter into the fun as he "flapped along his dog's meat uncommon." I beg to say this elegant expression is *not* mine: God forbid! but I heard a groom use it, and it struck me as an excellent sample of the figurative.—Found all alive at Braeschat: a Corporal, drilling an awkward squad of chasseurs, gave them a double dose in honor of our arrival: a large barge full of horses: on the move in a minute: grooms swearing, masters drinking and blowing their penny trumpets, cigars shortening, and stirrups lengthening: hounds yelling, impatient to be let out.

Order established, we sounded to horse: about a hundred lads had gone forward four miles to track the coverts: they are called *traqueurs*, place themselves in line at a wood side, and march down wind, making the most infernal row they can manage to set up—halooing, shouting, knocking the trees—so that whatever unhappy animal is there fancies the devil's own carillon is after him, and bolts directly.

We were quite unsuccessful for some hours; the *traqueurs* were too few for the size of the wood; the cold was piercing, and we were almost inclined to give it up, heartily cursing the Anversois for their false information, when, in crossing a patch of young firs, away broke a brace of as fine foxes as one would wish to see. To the left was a quantity of wood; to the right a boundless waste of heath, extending beyond the visible horizon, beyond even the confines of Belgium; so that had we been carried away by Master Reynard rather too far, we might very well have been sent to the Hague as fine specimens of "Flanders Lobsters!" or the telegraph might have announced an invasion of the English, which might have caused a panic, which might have caused a heavy fall in the funds, which might have caused &c. &c. &c., and all because "a hunting we would go!"

However, as it was, the dog-fox took across the heath, making for a gorse a league off; his lady returning to the wood. The pack were at him in a moment, and we rattled along, right glad to get a gallop, for on my word I thought my fingers-ends were irrevocably gone. He crossed from the gorse to a patch of firs, as the crow might fly, about two miles, and then came right back to the place from which he started, describing a triangle, and going over some ten miles. We were almost at his brush, when a storm of sleet and hail came on that completely destroyed all scent, and in spite of our coats in every direction we were obliged to give it up.

Nothing could equal the disappointment of the Antwerpians: coats had been built, leathers cut out, whips bought, all in hopes of killing a fox; and here we were at three in the day, just as the sun was brightening forth, returning home. It was too bad. flesh and blood could not endure it; therefore, with sad countenances and desponding hearts did the "children of the Giant's hands" turn their horses southward: for be it known that Antwerp is from Ant (hand) and werp (to sever), from a dwarf cutting off a famous Giant's hand; in honor of which there is a celebrated iron fountain opposite the Cathedral.

But "bad beginnings make good ends;" our host the Count de Cornelissen orders to Jim the first whip, who bolted away as fast as his chesnut could carry him; and before we turned the fatal corner into the high road, he came galloping up with a bag under his arm; and while the discussion was at its height, as to whether it was too late or not, Jim quietly let pug out and cut the matter short.

Sweet to us was the odor, sweeter than jasmine or mille-fleurs, sweeter than a sweet smelling sacrifice to our nostrils, sick with hope deferred. In plain prose, I never smelt anything that stunk half so bad.

And then the crash of the thirty hungry expectants, who had all commanded for dinner "*Reynard au naturel?*" What took place the first ten minutes I can hardly say, for I was fairly run away with over a slapping brook into a wood, and out again over a bank with dou le ditch. Mr. de Van H—— was before me on a very fine roan gelding; he had plenty of time to get clear, but thinking proper to make a summerset on the further side, I came well *over* him and *on to* his horse, which saved my fall, but stove his "tit's" ribs in to such a tune that he's not likely to shew up again. I had not got the pull of my thorough-bred yet; he had been standing about all the morning, and was determined to make the most of a gallop, now he had one. The next fence was a ditch on the near side: a high bank on which fir-trees were so close that to pass even on foot was almost impossible, and a yawner full of water into a lane on the off-side; to jump among the firs was impracticable, so I slipped off, scrambled up myself, and was just going to turn my head with a "come along cup!" when I felt like a cannon ball in my leg, and my gentleman was beside me; luckily I escaped with a severe contusion. But there was no time to think of that; in the ditch on the off-side was a big grey horse swimming about like a sea walrus; "for God's sake catch my horse!" hallooed I to Johnson, who was tugging at the walrus. "Be handy, my lad!" shouted he, and over we went; all right; on again, and racing at it viciously; ought to have turned sharp to the left, but couldn't pull up, and overshot the alley; so lost my lead, and came last of the string. The field was pretty considerably thinned before the first ten minutes; and though the Antwerp men rode most pluckily, it was evident they were not all prepared for such a *pace*.

After going as hard as we could for twenty minutes, the dogs literally screeching, we came into an open grass country inclosed with wet ditches. I had lost ground considerably by taking a wrong turn in the wood, and came up just as five interesting youths were bewailing their lot at what they called a *rivière*—what we should call a brook, and not a large one either. I had seen the same men take better jumps the very moment before; but the leader of the file stopping, the panic became contagious—a second edition of St. Sebastian—amongst horses as well as riders, and not one would face it. Even mine refused, though, were the truth told, I fancy I did not put him at it as if I *meant* him to go. Jim, on a black gelding, was lookingristfully on. "Why don't you go at it?" said I. "What Sir, with that brute? no, no, my chance for to-day is up." (All this time the hounds were dwindling into specks.) "This is childishness," said I; "by the holy poker, here goes!" and I went at it with the crunch of the teeth—you know, brother sportsmen, how I mean—with the teeth set, and the "d—n ye, come over, you beast!" that shot me at least a yard on the other side. After that, thinks I, nothing shall stop me; so I rose in my stirrups, and sailed away, knowing a check was impossible, for pug had, I think, fallen into a *bucket of assafœtida* before he started, and many a weary mile I went before I was well up with them; it was in a sandy road, a wood on either side, they were to my right. Johnson had a better line, and was there just before me, when he pulled up and taken pointed. The varmint crossed before us, but evidently *done*. Major de Roi joined us, having, as he told me, hunted my pink at sight.

Presently the pack emerged, with M. Caters and Count de Lannoy (who had kept with them the whole time) doing huntsman and whip. We were again buried in the wood, and reckoned on another quarter of an hour; when M. Caters jumped off his horse, rushed into the middle of the pack, fighting, kicking, pulling, and disputing the prize with every dog. We had run exactly one hour and twenty minutes, as pretty a thing as could be desired. There were but four and the Master up; the rest were no more heard of. The Count de Cornelissen had had a fall, and his brother-in-law Mr. Drake (who was otherwise well-placed) pulled up to assist him, and so lost his chance. The country was sandy, and in parts boggy, throughout heavy; but so very superior to any I have *yet* seen in Belgium, that it is to be hoped a pack will be regularly established and hunted there.

I cannot conclude without mentioning an event, I will venture to say, unprecedented in modern fox-hunting. On Saturday, 1st of April (a very appropriate day by-the-bye), we met at the kennel, and turned out the fox of which I told you in the last number. He went well for thirty minutes, and took to earth; the earth was not very large, and we dug him out; gave him another chance, and away he spun for twenty minutes more, running to earth again. The hole he had entered was on a hill, or rather cone of land; it was four o'clock, and to me it seemed impossible, under hours and hours, to get at him. The longest poles went deep into the bowels of the earth without meeting any resistance, and there were transverses in every direction; yet, nothing daunted, the Count Duval gave orders to some workmen to commence operations. After two hours digging (the frost nipping our finger's ends) we were not more advanced than at the commencement. It was necessary to dig on the further side of the mound, which was perhaps forty feet through, the hole running some twelve feet deep, and connect the two preceding cuts before we could make sure of him. Since nine in the morning, horses and men were without food. At seven at night, amidst the hues and cries of the staunch *chasseurs*, I gave in, and cantered home; at *half past eleven, by torch-light*, pug was forced to his last retreat, and secured unhurt, having previously well licked all the workmen's dogs, for the pack had returned to kennel at the commencement of the operation. But the excavation is really a curiosity, and the determined perseverance of the Grand Maitre deserves honorable mention. About six o' the Field stuck to him to witness the *denouement*, and did not return to town before *half past twelve!*

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAIL.

BY J. CYPRESS, JUN.

October has arrived, and has entered into the kingdom prepared for him by his summery brethren departed. A kingdom, truly, within a republic, but mild, magnificent, *pro bono publico*, and full of good fruits; so that not a democrat after the strictest sect of St. Tammany but bows the knee. Hail! O King! His accomplished artists are preparing royal palaces among the woods and fields, and on the hill-sides, painting the mountains and arching the streams with glories copied from the latest fashion of rainbows. His keen morning winds, and cool evening moons, assiduous servants, are dropping diamonds upon the fading grass and tree-tops, and are driving in the feathery tenants of his marshes, bays and brakes. Thrice happy land and water lord! See how they streak the early sky, piercing the heavy clouds with the accurate wedge of their marshalled cohorts, shouting *pæans*, as they go—and how they plunge into well-remembered waters, with an exulting sound, drinking in rest and hearty breakfasts! These be seges of herons, herds of cranes, droppings of shelldrakes, springs of teals, trips of wigeons, coverts of coots, gaggles of geese, sutes of mallards, and badelynges of ducks; all of which the profane and unitiated, miserable herd, call flocks of fowl, not knowing discrimination!—Meadow and upland are made harmonious and beautiful with congregations of plovers, flights of doves, walks of snipes, exaltations of larks, coveys of partridges, and bevies of quail.* For all these vouchsafed comforts may we be duly grateful! But chiefly, thou sun-burned, frost-browned monarch, do we thank thee that thou especially bringest to vigorous maturity and swift strength, our own bird of our heart, our family chicken, *tetrao columbis*.

The quail is peculiarly a domestic bird, and is attached to his birthplace, and the home of his forefathers. The various members of the anatic families educate their children in the cool summer of the far north, and bathe their warm bosoms, in July, in the iced-water of Hudson's Bay; but when Boreas scatters the rushes where they builded their bed-chambers, they desert their fatherland, and fly to disport in the sunny waters of the south. They are cosmopolites entirely, seeking their fortunes with the sun. So, too, heavy-eyed, wise Master Scolopax fixed his place of abode, not among the hearths and altars where his infancy was nurtured, but he goeth a *skaaping* where best he may run his long bill into the mud, tracing the warm broadside of juxta-capricornical latitudes. The songsters of the woodland, when their customary crops of insects and berries are cut off in the fall gather themselves together to renew their loves, and get married in more genial climates. Even black-gowned Mr. Corvus, (otherwise called Jim Crow) in autumnal fasts, contemplateth Australian carcases. Presently, the groves so vocal, and the sky so full, shall be silent and barren. The "melancholy days" will soon be here. Only thou, dear Bob White (not of the Manhattan) wilt remain. Thy cousin, *tetrao umbellus*,† will be not far off, it is true: but he is mountainous and precipitous, and lives in solitary places, courting rocky glens and craggy gorges, misanthronist. Where the secure deer crops the young mosses of the mountain stream, and the bear steals wild honey, there drums the ruffed strutter on his ancient hemlock leg. Ice cools not his blood, nor the deep snow-drift, whence he, startled, whirrs impetuous to the solemn pines, and his hiding-places of laurel and tangled rhododendron, laughing at cheated dogs and wearied sportsmen. A bird to set traps for. Unfamiliar, rough, rugged hermit. Dry meat. I like him not.

The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works he lives, and loves, and whistles‡ In budding spring-time, and in scorching summer—in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him and he will visit your barn-yard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple-tree by your gate-way. But when warm May first woos the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves, and jealousies, and duels of the heroes of the bevy. Duels, too often, alas! bloody and fatal! for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring, than a cock quail, fighting for his lady-love. Arms, too, he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grasshoppers, and picking up Indian corn. While the dire affray rages, Miss Quailina looketh on from her safe perch on a limb, above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing, patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk, and the nose of the fox, they may raise their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their *espousals* will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now, be wary, oh kind-hearted cradler, and tread not into those pure white eggs under your feet, ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walks magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching, and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she, if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—(what a lie does that word carry)—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his grey-headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make and she will run and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and effect to be wing-broken, and wounded, yet have strength enough to tumble along, until she has drawn you fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children, and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now. Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out. She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now "Bob White!" nor "ah! Bob White!"—That is her husband's love call, or his trumpet-blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them "peep! peep! peep!" at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briars, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen-quail. O, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. "Peep! peep" they come to you, straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say, "Where is she? Mother! mother! we are here!"

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives *yet* in a hovel, on the brush plains of Matowaca—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts, and hopes, and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—"What! all my pretty ones? Did you say all?" He did; and he lives yet! O, let me not meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep lake, unknown but to the Kwaaek, and the lost deer hunter. For my soul's sake, let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Collicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

My farther reflections on this subject, I will keep, for the present, to myself.

The poor quail has to contend with many enemies. Not only Sir Reynard, who has a constitutional right to levy tribute upon his race, and his several doubtfully-connected, half-starved, brother quadrupedal thieves of the greenwood; not only with the winged pirates of the sky, skimming and sweeping up and down the waving billows of the yellow field, with the quietness and speed of a sudden sun-ray; not only with the horse-hair nooses of school-boy truants, and the figure-of-4 box-traps of vagabond hen-roost pilferers; not only with the coarse cupidity of the market-man, who kills all to-day, and cares not for to-morrow; not only with the mean, falsely called sportsman, who shoots in season and out of season, and kills for numbers, and not for exercise, skill's sake, and honor; but alas! alas! too often with the bleak and heartless elements themselves! Who does not remember the horrid snows of thirty-six, which filled all the valleys, and raised rival mountains alongside of mountains! Then died the race. The angry clouds at nightfall began to pour out their wind and sleet, but the quail heart had not yet known to fear the skies. Each fated bevy, calling in its straggling supper-hunters, tracked its secure path to the bottom of its favorite cedar bush; and there, upon the yet warm bed of oak leaves, and thick matted spear grass, composed their child limbs in the usual circle, and went to sleep. To sleep? ay, to sleep forever! No morning came to them. No opportunity had they to regret unsaid prayers. A late morning came to the world above, and a cold sun shone on their shroud—their beautiful shroud of snow! Almost "seven fathoms deep!" buried in their winding sheet! No resurrection for ye, poor birds! Did they think it never would be light? Yes, they fell asleep there in their beds, and died of too much covering! The spring came, and the early ploughman dug up a furrow near their wasted corpses. There they lay, side by side, as they committed themselves to sleep, undivided in death, as they were beautiful and without reproach in life!

Beethoven must have written his exquisite song of the "Quail," after a hard winter. I never heard Catalani sing it, but I will be sworn it is a solemn anthem.

The quail receives in many countries, the most studious and devout protection. In China they domesticate him, and train him for the cock-pit. In some states on the continent of Europe they almost worship him. The German has a beautiful superstition, that his note expresses the words "*Furchten Gott*,"* England is too damp and smoky for him. He cannot acclimate. The lord, who, by the assistance of his game-keeper, has an oath made that he killed a quail, is gazetted through the three kingdoms.

The quail is our bird—our own American bird. Shall we not protect him and his household? If all the powers of destruction are let loose to play upon him, how shall he be saved? Even now, his fate seems to be inevitable, like the Indians. But a few years since, he was a proud nation—a green bay tree. If we look not sharply, we soon may say, "*sages est, ubi Troja fuit.*" That he is not now utterly annihilated, and flying in the Elysian fields, with his relative, *tetrao cupido*,† is owing to the good hearts of a very small few of his former fellow-citizens, who snatched him from the snow-bank, and housed and fed him during the winter, and gave him to liberty in the spring, and to some other few, who sent to his people at the south, and renewed his presence in the faces of his brethren. Even some of these, representatives of a ruined nation, have been sacrificed in brutal moments, to adorn the reeking cellars of reckless paunch-providers, and to furnish August—very August suppers for raw counter-jumpers, who have heard of his glory.

A few words, by way of application of the subject. The legislature of the State of N. York, considering all the dangers and necessities of one of the most worthy families of the State, have, in no wretched spirit of monopoly, but in the true spirit of "equal protection to all," enacted a statute for his preservation, and have taken the dear bird under their sheltering wing. No man, nor boy, nor fool, may kill a quail except between the twenty fifth of October and the fifth of January, nor compass, nor procure his death, nor have his murdered corpse in his possession, out of the specified period, in either of the humane counties of York, Kings, Queens, or Westchester! O, Suffolk! how art thou disgraced, not being named! *Fiat lex!*—Tom Tucker and Jim Valentine, chief advocates immortalized themselves! The partridge, too, and Master Scolopax in his season, have their passports. Beware of the heavy penalty.

Finally, this matter recommendeth itself to the serious attention of all transgressors. The sin hath already stung divers poachers, and accessories, before and after the fact. It hath been distinctly proved before a justice of the peace, that eight times five make forty dollars. Just judgment! Dear feed! Worse than sour grapes!—The Marine Court hath visited other transgressions with swift judgment. Even men who have received presents of game from places where it was lawfully killed, and where it might have been virtuously manducated, have been sorely mulcted. They have learned, too late, the awful fate of Hercules. They have discovered, after they have been impregnated with the poison, that they must know the giver before they accept a shirt. They study Ovid, now, and have learned by heart—

"Dona dei illa viro, mandat, capit inscius heros,"

and the whole of the chief case in point. Penitent sinners, I weep for them! Doubt it, and touch the forbidden fruit if ye dare, and say, "tell that to the *marines!*"

Lastly—true sportsmen ought to examine themselves, and take care that they have no disposition for blood in the skirts of their shooting-jackets, except in the allowed days of October, November, and December. If the honorable and the true-hearted submit to temptation, what can we expect from the—other people.

To conclude: we are all called upon to be careful, and keep our fore-finger on the trigger of our watchfulness. May I not remind my fair readers that many a quail dies for them, and that intempestive collineation hath been too often perpetrated for their sakes. Restrain, O, ye Helens! and Joans! the ardor of your sacrificing worshippers. Let them not kill too many. Six, now-a-days, are a sportman's fortune. Remember them of the base Jews, who gathered more quail than were sufficient for immediate consumption, disobeying Moses, and then rejected the rotting victims, and sighed for the flesh-pots of Egyptian leeks and onions. And do thou, best Mary! ever, when thou dippest a minute breast-piece, almost, into the fading bubble of the sherry at my dexter, playfully, as thou art wont, be sure to ask me—"Love, was this bird killed this season?"

[N. Y. Mirror.]

* Stow, Strippe, Hakewell.

† The ruffed grouse, or partridge.

‡ I am not unaware that Audubon describes the quail as migratory at the West, and that he says the shores of the Ohio, in the fall, are covered with "flocks." Nor am I ignorant that Wilson says he *has heard* that the bird is migratory in Nova Scotia. It may be so; but our quails are better brought up. Nevertheless, I do not care to believe everything that students of Linnæus and Buffon say, who talk of *flocks of partridges*, and mean bevies of quail. By the bye, what is the reason that the whole race of ornithologists call the partridge *tetrao*, which is latin for a bustard, and a wild turkey. It is not the less to be a linired that they call the quail *perdix Virginiana*. If they had supped with Horace and Catullus, and all that set, as Cobbett Hawker and I have done—in the spirit—they would have found out that the true title was *coturnix*.—[Vide *Hawker on Shooting*.]

* *Fear God.*—Let poachers think of this when they whistle.

† The pinnated grouse, or heath-hen, formerly, alas! found on Long Island; but (perhaps leading the way for the quail) now utterly extinct. Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell foretold his annihilation in 1819. The following is an extract from a letter of his to Wilson, which I doubt not the old man wrote with tears in his eyes: "Their numbers are gradually diminishing; and assailed as they are on all sides, almost without cessation, their scarcity may be viewed as foreboding their eventual extermination." Oh! prophecy too sadly true!

ROMANCE AMONG ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And death's sublimity."

The reading world knows not how many good things are lost by skipping the advertising columns of the newspapers. A hundred years hence posterity will do these neglected receptacles justice. There the chronicler will search for facts—statistical, topographical and quizzical. The antiquarian, too, of some coming century, when time shall have bronzed or death obliterated the names of our now kind and warm-hearted advertising patrons, will, with spectacles on nose, (noses, we take it, will still be natural,) peer over the quaint notices of things now new, and cheap, and rare, and wonder what they meant by "Benezet Lozenges," "Vegetable Life Pills," and "Equitable Insurance Companies."

We have been inveigled into these remarks by noticing among the advertisements of a Western paper the following novel method of punishing a "false and faithless fair one" for a breach of marriage promise, resorted to by the disappointed swain, in concert with the father of the betrothed. The conception is capital, and contains a far better redress than by going to law.

By-the-bye, we will take this opportunity of advising our acquaintances and the Public in general, that we shall be pleased to insert gentlemen's advertisements for breach of promise on the part of the ladies, at the usual rates—with the usual deduction to those who advertise by the year. For the ladies we shall publish gratuitously.

The following should be kept as a precedent:

I, the undersigned, declare having given my consent to Mr. Francois Vallet, for his union with my daughter, Melaine Young, and that she herself had given him her faith, but that she, by having received some bad advice, has changed her notions, and refused the hand of Mr. Francois Vallet, without any legitimate cause. It is for this reason that I submit this notice to the public, as a reparation for any mischief that might happen to Mr. Vallet, and to let him know that I regret very much the alliance did not take place. JAMES YOUNG.

Bayou Mallet, Sept. 1837.

There can be no dependence put in the marks of affectionate love that may hereafter be shown to any one by Miss Melaine Young, because she swore love to me more than a thousand times in a month; but as the time to unite herself with me approached, she recalled all her promises, and would not realize them.

I give this notice to the public, so as to keep in future any honest man from being duped by the perfidy of Miss Melaine Young. FRANCOIS VALLET.

Point Noire, 18th Sept., 1837.

Dear girls, beware!

Troy Mail.

THE BISHOP'S GAME-BAG.

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A PUZZLING QUESTION.—A German bishop, who happened also to be a prince, was so profligate, that one of his equals ventured to hint the scandal which he brought on religion by his immoralities. "You mistake," he replied; "I do this as a prince, not as a bishop." "But," rejoined the other, "if the prince goes to h—ll, what will become of the bishop?"

The Boston Times says, "We understand Mr. Fletcher has examined the bumps of Bunker Hill Monument, and finds the organ of *completiveness* among the missing."

All silent people can seem conventionally elegant. A groom married a rich lady; he dreaded the ridicule of the guests whom his new rank assembled at the table. An Oxford clergyman gave him this piece of advice:—"Wear a black coat and hold your tongue." The groom took the hint, and is always considered one of the most gentleman-like fellows in the country.

* * * * * *

Maltravers had not thought twice in his life whether he was handsome or not, and like most men who have a knowledge of the gentler sex, he knew that beauty had little to do in engaging the love of women. The air, the manner, the tone, the conversation, the something that interests, and something to be proud of—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved. And the beauty-man is nine times out of ten little more than the oracle of his aunts, and the "*sitch* a love" of the house-maids! Bulwer.

"SILVER TONGUED HOPE.—It is said that on Saturday Mr. Fowler, the phrenologist, was permitted to examine the cranium of a president of one of the Wall-street banks. The bump of "*specie payment*" was just beginning to develope itself.

Why is a chimney-sweeper at his work like Wisdom?

Because he cryeth on the house tops and no man regardeth him. Bost. Herald

FAME—A lady who smiles with the same benignity on the man who turns a skilful pirouette, and him who embodies the higher creations of Shakspeare. Globe.

"Facts are stubborn things."

Ay, Sir, and so are jackasses. Of course you and your facts are equally stubborn. Louisville Journal.

DRY TIMES.—The Claremont Eagle states that the weather thereabouts has been so dry that the farmers were obliged to soak their hogs in water to make them hold swill.

CROOKED COINCIDENCES.—A pamphlet published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—"The *Deformity* of Sin Cured; a sermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked*-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev *J. Crookshanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked* billet, near *Cripplegate*, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are—"*Every crooked path shall be made straight*;" and the prince before whom it was preached was *deformed* in his person.

Scott's Advice to his Son how to buy a Horse.—In buying your horses you will be very cautious. I see Colonel Murray has some delicacy about assisting you directly in the matter—for he says truly that some gentlemen make a sort of traffic in horse flesh—from which his duty and inclination equally led him to steer clear. But he will take care that you don't buy any that are unfit for service, as in the common course they must be approved by the commandant as chargers. Besides which, he will probably give you some private hints, of which avail yourself, as there is every chance of your needing much advice in this business. Two things I preach on my own experience. First, never to buy an aged horse, however showy. He must have done work, and at any rate will be unserviceable in a few years. Secondly, to buy rather when the horse is something low in condition, that you may the better see all his points. Six years is the oldest at which I would purchase. You will run risk of being jockeyed by knowing gentlemen of your own corps parting with their experienced chargers to oblige you. Take care of this. Any good-tempered horse learns the dragoon duty in wonderfully short time, and you are rider enough not to want one quite broke in. Look well about you, and go into the country. Excellent horses are bred all through Munster, and better have a clever young one than an old regimental brute foundered by repeated charges and bolts. If you see a brother officer's horse that pleases you much, and seems reasonable, look particularly how he stands on his for legs, and for that purpose see him in a stable. If he shifts and shakes a little, have nothing to say to him. This is the best I can advise, not doubting you will be handsomely excised after all. The officer who leaves his corps may be disposing of good horses, and perhaps, selling reasonable. One who continues will not, at least, should not, part with a good horse without some great advantage.

Knowing French.—'Tom, do you know French?' 'Yes, very well by sight, but have no *speaking* acquaintance with it.'

, and cantered home;
retreat, and secured
gs, for the pack had
But the excavation
the Grand Maitre de-
to him to witness the
re!
d) Sporting Magazine.

NG QUAIL.

pared for him by his
. republic, but mild,
o that not a democrat
e. Hail! O King!
the woods and fields,
the streams with glo-
morning winds, and
ounds upon the fading
of his marshes, bays
now they streak the
e of their marshalled
into well-remembered
breakfasts! These
kes, springs of teals,
of mallards, and ba-
d, miserable herd, call
upland are made har-
nts of doves, walks of
s of quail.* For all
But chiefly, thou sun-
especially bringest to
our heart, our family

to his birthplace, and
natic families educate
e their warm bosoms,
eas scatters the rushes
fatherland, and fly to
opolites entirely, seek-
ise Master Scolopax
where his infancy was
in his long bill into the
itudes. The songsters
nd berries are cut off in
nd get married in more
wise called Jim Crow)
Presently, the groves so
he "melancholy days"
the Manhattan) wilt re-
ff, it is true; but he is
, courting rocky glens
crops the young mosses
there drums the ruffed
d, nor the deep snow-
pines, and his hiding-
eated dogs and wearied
, rugged hermit. Dry

ant. He stays at home
he lives, and loves, and
nner—in bounteous au-
ame bushy hedge fence,
may drive him to the
kind to him and he will
of the apple-tree by your
flowers to open and re-
d duels of the heroes of
there liveth not an indi-
uring, than a cock quail,
as give no vain blows,
an mere biting of grass-
affray rages, Miss Quai-
combatants, impartial
ly; and when the van-
ards the conquering hero

e. Away fly the happy
eye of the hawk, and the
peace, provident, and not
merous offspring. Oats
r grain. Now, be wary,
ule eggs under your feet,
l heard, and lo! a proud
ren, scratching, and pick-
, if she may be permitted
new her joys in another

eredness about them that
man or inhuman—(what
sters, insects and fish. I
ating up his little baby,
ut of his grey-headed fa-
purest, the sincerest, the
ng family of quails, and
you. No, not she. But
ut a distressed mother can
he caught, and cheat your
ounded, yet have strength
ed, a safe distance from
; and then will she mount,
ze of trees you have not
g infants. Listen now.
d clearly poured out. She
now "Bob White!" nor
r his trumpet-blast of de-
t children. Hear them
other's love! They are
again. It is a foul sin to
er hear your coming foot-
er. She is quiet. Not a
f you have the heart to do
ail. O, mother! mother!
ception! The little ones
imagined safety from the
their little eyes, and clus-
is she! Mother! mother!

n the brush plains of Ma-
. He first shot the parent
n in close company, while
g their doubts, and hopes,
musket at their unhappy
Did you say all?" He
six miles north of Patch-
nous gloom a sudden pre-
t to the Kwaaek, and the
unter him in the grim ra-
ing darkness of the hem-

r the present, to myself.
Not only Sir Reynard,
his race, and his several
thieves of the greenwood;
ng and sweeping up and
quietness and speed of a
f school-boy truants, and
s; not only with the coarse
d cares not for to-morrow;
ho shoots in season and out
se, skill's sake, and honor;
less elements themselves!

igratory at the West, and that
"flocks." Nor am I ignorant
Nova Scotia. It may be so; but
are to believe everything that
artridges, and mean bevies of
of ornithologists call the par-
It is not the less to be admired
pped with Horace and Catullus.
spirit—they would have found
ing."

Who does not remember the horrid snows of thirty-six, which filled all the vallies, and raised rival mountains alongside of mountains! Then died the race. The angry clouds at nightfall began to pour out their wind and sleet, but the quail heart had not yet known to fear the skies. Each fated bevy, calling in its straggling supper-hunters, tracked its secure path to the bottom of its favorite cedar bush; and there, upon the yet warm bed of oak leaves, and thick matted spear grass, composed their child limbs in the usual circle, and went to sleep. To sleep? ay, to sleep forever! No morning came to them. No opportunity had they to regret unsaid prayers. A late morning came to the world above, and a cold sun shone on their shroud—their beautiful shroud of snow! Almost "seven fathoms deep!" buried in their winding sheet! No resurrection for ye, poor birds! Did they think it never would be light? Yes, they fell asleep there in their beds, and died of too much covering! The spring came, and the early ploughman dug up a furrow near their wasted corpses. There they lay, side by side, as they committed themselves to sleep, undivided in death, as they were beautiful and without reproach in life!

Beethoven must have written his exquisite song of the "Quail," after a hard winter. I never heard Catalani sing it, but I will be sworn it is a solemn anthem.

The quail receives in many countries, the most studious and devout protection. In China they domesticate him, and train him for the cock-pit. In some states on the continent of Europe they almost worship him. The German has a beautiful superstition, that his note expresses the words "*Furchten Gott*,"* England is too damp and smoky for him. He cannot acclimate. The lord, who, by the assistance of his game-keeper, has an oath made that he killed a quail, is gazetted through the three kingdoms.

The quail is our bird—our own American bird. Shall we not protect him and his household? If all the powers of destruction are let loose to play upon him, how shall he be saved? Even now, his fate seems to be inevitable, like the Indians. But a few years since, he was a proud nation—a green bay tree. If we look not sharply, we soon may say, "*sages est, ubi Troja fuit.*" That he is not now utterly annihilated, and flying in the Elysian fields, with his relative, *tetrao cupido*,† is owing to the good hearts of a very small few of his former fellow-citizens, who snatched him from the snow-bank, and housed and fed him during the winter, and gave him to liberty in the spring, and to some other few, who sent to his people at the south, and renewed his presence in the faces of his brethren. Even some of these, representatives of a ruined nation, have been sacrificed in brutal moments, to adorn the reeking cellars of reckless paunch-providers, and to furnish August—very August suppers for raw counter-jumpers, who have heard of his glory.

A few words, by way of application of the subject. The legislature of the State of N. York, considering all the dangers and necessities of one of the most worthy families of the State, have, in no wretched spirit of monopoly, but in the true spirit of "equal protection to all," enacted a statute for his preservation, and have taken the dear bird under their sheltering wing. No man, nor boy, nor fool, may kill a quail except between the twenty fifth of October and the fifth of January, nor compass, nor procure his death, nor have his murdered corpse in his possession, out of the specified period, in either of the humane counties of York, Kings, Queens, or Westchester! O, Suffolk! how art thou disgraced, not being named! *Fiat lex!*—Tom Tucker and Jim Valentine, chief advocates immortalized themselves! The partridge, too, and Master Scolopax in his season, have their passports. Beware of the heavy penalty.

Finally, this matter recommendeth itself to the serious attention of all transgressors. The sin hath already stung divers poachers, and accessories, before and after the fact. It hath been distinctly proved before a justice of the peace, that eight times five make forty dollars. Just judgment! Dear feed! Worse than sour grapes!—The Marine Court hath visited other transgressions with swift judgment. Even men who have received presents of game from places where it was lawfully killed, and where it might have been virtuously manducated, have been sorely mulcted. They have learned, too late, the awful fate of Hercules. They have discovered, after they have been impregnated with the poison, that they must know the giver before they accept a shirt. They study Ovid, now, and have learned by heart—

"Dona det illa viro, mandat, capit inscius hero,"

and the whole of the chief case in point. Penitent sinners, I weep for them! Doubt it, and touch the forbidden fruit if ye dare, and say, "tell that to the *marines!*"

Lastly—true sportsmen ought to examine themselves, and take care that they have no disposition for blood in the skirts of their shooting-jackets, except in the allowed days of October, November, and December. If the honorable and the true-hearted submit to temptation, what can we expect from the—other people.

To conclude: we are all called upon to be careful, and keep our fore-finger on the trigger of our watchfulness. May I not remind my fair readers that many a quail dies for them, and that intempestive collineation hath been too often perpetrated for their sakes. Restrain, O, ye Helens! and Jeans! the ardor of your sacrificing worshippers. Let them not kill too many. Six, now-a-days, are a sportman's fortune. Remember them of the base Jews, who gathered more quail than were sufficient for immediate consumption, disobeying Moses, and then rejected the rotting victims, and sighed for the flesh-pots of Egyptian leeks and onions. And do thou, best Mary! ever, when thou dippest a minute breast-piece, almost, into the fading bubble of the sherry at my dexter, playfully, as thou art wont, be sure to ask me—"Love, was this bird killed this season?"

[N. Y. Mirror.]

* *Fear God.*—Let poachers think of this when they whistle.

† The pinnated grouse, or heath-hen, formerly, alas! found on Long Island; but (perhaps leading the way for the quail) now utterly extinct. Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell foretold his annihilation in 1810. The following is an extract from a letter of his to Wilson, which I doubt not the old man wrote with tears in his eyes: "Their numbers are gradually diminishing; and assailed as they are on all sides, almost without cessation, their scarcity may be viewed as foreboding their eventual extermination." Oh! prophecy too sadly true!

ROMANCE AMONG ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And death's sublimity."

The reading world knows not how many good things are lost by skipping the advertising columns of the newspapers. A hundred years hence posterity will do these neglected receptacles justice. There the chronicler will search for facts—statistical, topographical and quizzical. The antiquarian, too, of some coming century, when time shall have bronzed or death obliterated the names of our now kind and warm-hearted advertising patrons, will, with spectacles on nose, (noses, we take it, will still be natural,) peer over the quaint notices of things now new, and cheap, and rare, and wonder what they meant by "Benezet Lozenges," "Vegetable Life Pills," and "Equitable Insurance Companies."

We have been inveigled into these remarks by noticing among the advertisements of a Western paper the following novel method of punishing a "false and faithless fair one" for a breach of marriage promise, resorted to by the disappointed swain, in concert with the father of the betrothed. The conception is capital, and contains a far better redress than by going to law.

By-the-bye, we will take this opportunity of advising our acquaintances and the Public in general, that we shall be pleased to insert gentlemen's advertisements for breach of promise on the part of the ladies, at the usual rates—with the usual deduction to those who advertise by the year. For the ladies we shall publish gratuitously.

The following should be kept as a precedent:

I, the undersigned, declare having given my consent to Mr. Francois Vallet, for his union with my daughter, Melaine Young, and that she herself had given him her faith, but that she, by having received some bad advice, has changed her notions, and refused the hand of Mr. Francois Vallet, without any legitimate cause. It is for this reason that I submit this notice to the public, as a reparation for any mischief that might happen to Mr. Vallet, and to let him know that I regret very much the alliance did not take place. JAMES YOUNG.

Bayou Mallet, Sept. 1837.

There can be no dependence put in the marks of affectionate love that may hereafter be shown to any one by Miss Melaine Young, because she swore love to me more than a thousand times in a month; but as the time to unite herself with me approached, she recalled all her promises, and would not realize them.

I give this notice to the public, so as to keep in future any honest man from being duped by the perfidy of Miss Melaine Young. FRANCOIS VALLET.

Point Noire, 18th Sept., 1837.

Dear girls, beware! Troy Mail.

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A SAFE COMPLIMENT.—A learned divine wrote a very small hand, and crowded a great deal into his pages. He did it to save the expense of paper. He put one of his manuscripts into a friend's hands to peruse, who returned it to him with this compliment, "If you reason as closely as you write, you are invincible."

TIT FOR TAT.—A young Englishman, while at Naples, was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. "There," said he to his friend, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?" "Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman, "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it." "Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box." "How did you obtain it?" "Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make a noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

A PUZZLING QUESTION.—A German bishop, who happened also to be a prince, was so profligate, that one of his equals ventured to hint the scandal which he brought on religion by his immoralities. "You mistake," he replied; "I do this as a prince, not as a bishop." "But," rejoined the other, "if the prince goes to h—ll, what will become of the bishop?"

The Boston Times says, "We understand Mr. Fletcher has examined the bumps of Bunker Hill Monument, and finds the organ of *completiveness* among the missing."

All silent people can seem conventionally elegant. A groom married a rich lady; he dreaded the ridicule of the guests whom his new rank assembled at the table. An Oxford clergyman gave him this piece of advice:—"Wear a black coat and hold your tongue." The groom took the hint, and is always considered one of the most gentleman-like fellows in the country.

* * * * *

Maltravers had not thought twice in his life whether he was handsome or not, and like most men who have a knowledge of the gentler sex, he knew that beauty had little to do in engaging the love of women. The air, the manner, the tone, the conversation, the something that interests, and something to be proud of—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved. And the beauty-man is nine times out of ten little more than the oracle of his aunts, and the "*sitch a love*" of the house-maids! Bulwer.

"SILVER TONGUED HOPE.—It is said that on Saturday Mr. Fowler, the phrenologist, was permitted to examine the cranium of a president of one of the Wall-street banks. The bump of "*specie payment*" was just beginning to develope itself.

Why is a chimney-sweeper at his work like Wisdom?

Because he cryeth on the house tops and no man regardeth him. Bost. Herald.

FAME—A lady who smiles with the same benignity on the man who turns a skilful pirouette, and him who embodies the higher creations of Shakspeare. Globe.

"Facts are stubborn things."

Ay, Sir, and so are jackasses. Of course you and your facts are equally stubborn. Louisville Journal.

DRY TIMES.—The Claremont Eagle states that the weather thereabouts has been so dry that the farmers were obliged to soak their hogs in water to make them hold swill.

CROOKED COINCIDENCES.—A pamphlet published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—"The *Deformity* of Sin Cured; a sermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked*-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev *J. Crookshanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked* billet, near *Cripplegate*, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are—"*Every crooked path shall be made straight*;" and the prince before whom it was preached was *deformed* in his person.

Scott's Advice to his Son how to buy a Horse.—In buying your horses you will be very cautious. I see Colonel Murray has some delicacy about assisting you directly in the matter—for he says truly that some gentlemen make a sort of traffic in horse flesh—from which his duty and inclination equally led him to steer clear. But he will take care that you don't buy any that are unfit for service, as in the common course they must be approved by the commandant as chargers. Besides which, he will probably give you some private hints, of which avail yourself, as there is every chance of your needing much advice in this business. Two things I preach on my own experience. First, never to buy an aged horse, however showy. He must have done work, and at any rate will be unserviceable in a few years. Secondly, to buy rather when the horse is something low in condition, that you may the better see all his points. Six years is the oldest at which I would purchase. You will run risk of being jockeyed by knowing gentlemen of your own corps parting with their experienced chargers to oblige you. Take care of this. Any good-tempered horse learns the dragoon duty in wonderfully short time, and you are rider enough not to want one quite broke in. Look well about you, and go into the country. Excellent horses are bred all through Munster, and better have a clever young one than an old regimental brute foundered by repeated charges and bolts. If you see a brother officer's horse that pleases you much, and seems reasonable, look particularly how he stands on his fore legs, and for that purpose see him in a stable. If he shifts and shakes a little, have nothing to say to him. This is the best I can advise, not doubting you will be handsomely excised after all. The officer who leaves his corps may be disposing of good horses, and perhaps, selling reasonable. One who continues will not, at least, should not, part with a good horse without some great advantage.

Knowing French.—'Tom, do you know French?' 'Yes, very well by sight, but have no *speaking* acquaintance with it.'

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.—At the Donegal assizes the following humorous cross examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in court.

Mr. Dougherty—What business do you follow?

I am a schoolmaster.

Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn off you?

I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions. (Laughter.)

Are you a great favorite with your pupils?

Aye! truth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public.

Where were you, sir, this night?

This night, said the witness; there is a learned man—*this* night is not come yet; I suppose you mean *that* night. (Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.)

I presume the "schoolmaster was abroad" that night, doing nothing?

Define nothing, said the witness.

Mr. Dougherty did not comply.

Well, said the *learned* schoolmaster, I will define it—it is a footless stocking without a leg—(roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined.)

You may go down Sir.

Faith I believe you have had enough of me, but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them.

SUM OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.—"Were I offered the choice," said Byron, "either to live over again, or to live as many years more onward, I should certainly prefer the first; yet my young days have been vastly more unhappy than I believe those of other men commonly are. I once attempted to enumerate the days I had lived—which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy. I could never make them amount to more than eleven, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself, whether between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen." Such is the sum total of human happiness!

An Arabian caliph, who wrote his own life, assures us that he had fourteen days of happiness. Gibbon tells the story after him, and boasts that he had exceeded the commander of the faithful—he does not state how much, perhaps by double. Were I to choose my lot, I would not be a poet, though it is possible for a poet to get through life tolerably well—yet the chance is against him.

After all, a bustling man of business, one who has not leisure to think of the ills of life, nor any great acuteness of sensibility to expose him to their attacks—such a man has the best chance of happiness.

Some Frenchman, I forget who, has stated, that to enjoy this world, one must have a good stomach and a bad heart. I think a man may have both and be very miserable.

Italian Gesticulation.—When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment, in the gestures of their bodies. You never see, among them, two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back, and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they resolve to oppose a bill in parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or determine to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his Court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by the honorable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence with a statute-like stillness of limbs, unless the right arm escape, to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict, from time to time, a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café*, in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk together along the noisy street of Toledo, at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words.

No more half mourning.—Why do you wear two coats this warm weather? Why, because my uncle died yesterday, and my aunt this morning, and I must wear double mourning.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
" " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor. [Closed.]

Dec. 9th, 1836.

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckfornila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ————

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson. | Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith. | Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams, | Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland, | Major J. D. Williams,
M. R. Smith, | Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[s2] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r*.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs. Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

[n18-t1J] J H OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va*.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [n27]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side. Apply to

[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER 55 Pine-street.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses:—
Four mile heats $3,000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer*.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes. Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent. RICHARD RUSSELL.

jy22

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [s17] Mobile Ala., June 1. 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

[At12]

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States.

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS.

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

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The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day*.

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o14]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

NEWBERRY C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match,—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton. *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, S.C. Jockey Club Spring Races, 1st week in January.
" " " Match, One mile and repeat, $500 a-side, Mr. Harrison's *Mexican* vs. Mr. Farrari's *Uncas*, Dec. 25.
" " " Match, $1000 a-side, One mile out, Mr. Howard's *Churnleg* vs. Messrs. Bracy & Bostic's *Ballpeter*.
ST. MATHEWS, S. C. - Jockey Club Fall Races, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
TALLAHASSEE, Fl. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th Dec.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837. *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out. *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 28th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY, a young Setter Slut, well broke and handsome, for which a good price will be paid. Apply at this office. [s9]

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees, so far as given, are known to be correct.

Cure John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1823, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mackinaw, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chacro, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $300. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Remick by McComb's Arabian, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time.—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g. grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter*, calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna. Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $4200.

D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered. [o9-3t]
Chillicothe, November, 1837.

GLENCOE

WILL STAND during the next season (his second in the United States) at the residence of Mr. James Jackson, near Florence, Alabama. He will serve mares at $100, payable in the season, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be well kept there or in the neighborhood on reasonable terms.

PEDIGREE.

GLENCOE, bred by the Right Honorable the Earl of Jersey, foaled in 1831, was got by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, grandam Web (sister to Wire) by Waxey, g. grandam Penelope by Trumpator, g. g. grandam Prunella by Highflyer, g. g. g. grandam Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner—Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton—Darley Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb mare.

Glencoe was the first produce of his dam Trampoline; Web (his grandam) produced Filagree, Ruben's Junior, Adam's Middleton, Glenartney, Trampoline.

Penelope (g. grandam) produced Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wilful, Wire, Whisker, Waterloo, Wildfire, Windfall, Whizgig, Waltz, Wamba.

Prunella (g. g. grandam) produced Penelope, Parasol (dam of Partisan), Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pope, Pledge (dam of Tiresias), Pawn, Pope Joan, Piquet, Prudence.

Promise (g. g. g. grandam) produced Patience, Peeress, Pallas, Prude, Prizefighter, Torbay, Peppermint, Prunella.

Julia (g. g. g. g. grandam) produced Probation, Pactolus, Prize, Promise, Princess.

Sultan (sire of Glencoe), by Selim, dam Bacchante by Williams' Ditto, grandam sister to Calomel by Mercury—Herod—Folly by Marske—Vixen by Regulus—her dam by Hutton's Spot—Fox—Cub—Bay Bolton—Cooneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk—Bustler.

Selim (grandsire, and brother to Rubens and Castrel), by Buzzard, dam by Alexander, her dam by Highflyer—Alfred—Engineer, Bay Malton, dam by Cade—Lass of the Mill by Old Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson—Burton's Barb Mare.

Buzzard (g. grandsire), by Woodpecker, dam Misfortune by Dux—Curiosity by Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood Arabian—True Blue's dam—Byerly mare.

DESCRIPTION.

Glencoe is a handsome chesnut; he measured, when thin, 15 hands 1½ inches; is of the most unexceptionable form, and a perfect model of the race horse; of great length, power, and stoutness, combined with symmetry. His frame is larger for his height than any horse within our knowledge. We despair of doing him justice in a description. He made one season in England after becoming our property. He was patronised by many of the first men on the Turf—proved a sure foal getter, and we are informed his stock are considered of the highest promise. Lord Jersey has entered a colt by Glencoe, out of Cobweb, in a 300 guinea Sweepstakes at the Beacon Course. He is now in full health and vigor. We subjoin his performances, with a few extracts, from the London Sporting Magazine, in relation thereto, and without a word of comment of our own. We omit much that is equally complimentary to the horse, and are induced to insert this chiefly as being due to those who bred from the horse last season, and who have not access to the English books, that statements from them favorable to their stock should be recorded.

PERFORMANCE.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834.

April 15—The first Tuesday's Riddlesworth stakes of 200 sovs. each, half forfeit, for the produce of mares covered in 1830. Ab. M. 12 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, by Sultan, 8st. 4lb.	Robinson.	1
Sir S. Graham's b. f. Zulima		2
Lord Burlington's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Barossa		3
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan, out of Advance		4

Two to one on Glencoe.

At starting Glencoe took the lead at a moderate pace, was never headed, and won by two or three lengths, with Robinson standing in his stirrups and patting him on the neck as he cantered past the winning post!—*Sporting Magazine*, vol. 9, 2d series, page 58.

April 17—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. R.M. Nine subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. Plenipotentiary	Conolly.	1
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe		2

Six to four on Glencoe.

It was notorious that the contest in which nine were to take part was given up to the two big wigs; but will they divide the stakes or run? that was the question. It was a great national concern to see the two most superior horses of the year engaged in the Derby,—it put the question of their relative pretensions beyond dispute. It was soon no longer matter of uncertainty, and there was a rush to the ditch when they were saddling, and two such nags were enough to make any man stir his stumps for a peep.

The orders to each was to make all running; and Conolly told me he had never been so fast over that ground since he rode Priam over it.

At starting they both took off at an awful rate; in about a quarter of a mile it showed that it was not his best pace, so he went by Glencoe, of whom Robinson was making the best without hurting his horse; and thus the race ended at a rate of speed which those who were lucky enough to witness will long remember.—Second series, vol. 9, page 61.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting.

Monday, April 28, 1834—The Desert stakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit. A. F. 10 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, 8st. 7lb.	Robinson.	1
Mr. Payne's b. c. Ganges, by Tigress, out of Luzborough's dam, 8st. 4lb.		2

Five to one on Glencoe. Won by a length with ease.

Tuesday, April 29—Renewal of the 200 guineas stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, half forfeit, for 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb. R.M. 28 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe	Robinson.	1
Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer, by Muley		2
Mr. Yates' ch. c. Bentley		3

Mr. Mills' b. c. brother to Kate; Lord Orford's b. c. Paris, by Waterloo, out of Posthuma; Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller, out of Trictrac, and Mr. Gully's Viator, also started but were not placed.

It may serve to say, perhaps, that the opinions I have given in my observations on the Derby and Oaks in your last number, are fully supported by the results of this week's running. Glencoe has proved himself, as I said he would, an *under rated horse*.—Page 108.

Epsom, May, 1833.

Thursday, 29th—Second year of the renewal of the Derby stakes of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit, for 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 2lb., a mile and a half, the owner of the second horse received 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner paid 100 sovs. towards the expense of the police. 123 subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. h. Plenipotentiary, by Emilius—Conolly		1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Shilelah, by St. Patrick		2
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe by Sultan		3

Mr. Yates' ch. c. Bentley, Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius by Reveller, Mr. W. Edward's b. c. Intriguer by Reveller, Mr. Watt's b. c. Bulwark by Blacklock, Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Mosotto by Gustavus, Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic by Reveller, Mr. Gully's gr. c. Viator by Strap, Mr. Gardner's br. c. Comet by Whalebone, Duke of Rutland's br. c. by Bizarre, out of Young Barossa by Partisan, Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Nisus by Velocipede, Lord Oxford's b. c. Paris by Waterloo, Mr. Gratrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla, Mr. Cosby's b. c. Stradbally by Waterloo or Reveller, Mr. Mills' b. c. brother to Kate, Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer by Muley, Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller out of Trictrac, Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense by Bedlamite, and Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Guardian, brother to Trustee, also started but were not placed.

Ascot, 1834.

June 11th.—For the St. James' Palace stake of 100 sovs. each. 18 subs.

Mr. Batson's Plenipo	Walked over.
Lord Jersey's Glencoe	Withdrew his stake.

June 12th.—Second year of the Royal stakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit. 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. New mile. 9 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe	Walked over.

Goodwood, 1834.

July 31st.—The gold cup, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, a subscription of 20 sovs. each with 100 added from the racing fund; the second horse received 100*l.* out of the stakes—two and a half miles. 40 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, by Sultan, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.	Nat.	1
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb.		2
Mr. Forth's Famine, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb.		3

Mr. Osbaldeston's The Saddler, 6 years, 9st. 12lb., Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 4 years, 8st. 4lb., Mr. Kerby's ch. h. St. Giles, 5 years, 8st. 12lb., Col. Peel's Nonsense, 4 year, 8st. 12lb., Mr. Forth's b. f. Marpessa, 4 years, 8st. 7lb., Mr. J. Day's b. g. Burgomaster, 5 years, 8st. 6lb., and Mr. J. Day's b. g. by Spectre out of Liston's dam, 7 years, 7st. 9lb., also started but were not placed.

At the second attempt they got off tolerably well, Burgomaster leading and the gelding at the tail; Colwick next the stand; Glencoe among the thick of the throng. When they had got under the wood going out there was a "lengthened chain," the Saddler appearing to go, Marpessa getting to the head, and the length of string showing less palpably. At the turn down the falling ground they were all on tolerable terms, Burgomaster and two or three others seeming however to have had enough. On the flat between the distance and the quarter mile post the tale of most was told; little Rogers taking it into his head that his chance was not yet got well forward; but now came up Colwick and Glencoe, separating themselves from all the others half a dozen lengths, the race laying exclusively between these two. Opposite to the stand, Scott called upon his horse powerfully—Nat never stirring his hands from his horse's withers; thus winning by three good lengths, literally in a canter, *as I always said he would*, and showing himself an extraordinary good horse, *as I always said he was*.

How long will men shut their eyes and stultify their understandings to public running, or talk or listen to "Tom Noddy fooleries," that "a 3 year old never won the Goodwood cup," as if that were any reason one never should! Famine was third, and a good third too, that is as far as regards the lot behind, *another three year old*, none other placed. The new ground was very heavy, and the race must have been a terribly severe affair for limbs accustomed to the elastic sod of Newmarket.

August 1st, 1834.—The racing sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, last mile of the Drawing Room Stake Course. 10 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 8st. 13lb.	Robinson.	1
Mr. Forth's Louisa, 8st 4lb.		2
Mr. Sadler's Defensive, 8st. 7lb.		3
Mr. Rush's Rebel, 8st. 7lb.		4

Six and seven to one on Glencoe.

Glencoe carried 6lbs. extra as winner of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket. This honor had no effect on the betting; I saw a noble Lord and a noble Earl take 10*l.* each to return a hundred at the distance... So much for the odds.

At the wood Flatman was making running at a killing pace with Rebel, Glencoe with James Robinson next. At the turn they were all abreast, Forth's next the rails, Norman doing his best. It was Glencoe's race, however, all through, Robinson holding him hard and winning in a canter.

Newmarket Second October Meeting, 1834.

Monday, 12th; The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each; T.M.M. 5 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 3 yrs. 8st. 3lb.	Robinson.	1
Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs. 9st. 5lb.		2
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb.		3

Six to four on Glencoe.

At starting George Edwards took off Colwick at the top of his pace, leading at least by 20 lengths through the Gap, Glencoe in the middle, with Glaucus hanging on his near quarter a length behind. The first mile and a half was done thus without any alteration, Colwick making all the play in his power for his confederates. Now, however, the game altered. Edwards had nearly run his horse to a stand still; he fell rapidly astern, and James Robinson, finding his horse mending on his second wind, let go his head for an instant and tried his stride.

I stood just where this part of the contest was acting. Never shall I forget their speed at that moment. Robinson now sought to give his horse a pull, but Glencoe had got his head up and it required all the power and skill of his accomplished rider to find his mouth again. Scott now set to with his horse three distances from home, collaring his opponent, but never getting past his head, Glencoe winning with all ease by two or three lengths.

To all who have any experience of the 3 year olds of 1834 it is quite unnecessary to appeal for the character of Glencoe as a racer. Beyond a doubt, of those of his year he has shown himself the best by a vast superiority; indeed from his late performances he has shown himself the best horse in the world. Where is there one to be found to meet him at weight for age! Not in England assuredly.

The first of the running for the Derby was made by Intriguer at his best, and he is a superior horse at a short distance (more of him anon). Glencoe too, made play every stride of the Course, as it was known that the big horse was short of work, and it was intended the work should shut him up. How else are we to account for Shillelah defeating Glencoe, a better horse than he has since shown himself by a stone, except that he had upset himself early in the race, from the severity with which he forced the pace!—Vol. 10, second series, page 65.

Ascot, 1835.

June 18th—The Gold Cup of 300 sovs. value, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added from the fund, 3 year olds 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb. Mares allowed 3lb. To start at the Cup Post on the new mile and go once round, about two miles and a half. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. 36 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, 4 yrs.	Robinson.	1
Sir E. Baker's ch. c. Bran, 4 yrs.		2
Col. Peel's ch. h. Nonsense, 5 yrs.		3

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shillelagh, 4 yrs., Mr. Cosby's br. f. Pussy, 4 yrs., Mr. Goring's ch. c. Bentley, 4 yrs, Mr. Forth's b. f. Famine, 4 yrs., Lord Jersey's b. f. Misnomer, by Merlin, dam by Phantom, and Mr Forth's Marpessa, 5 yrs., also started but were not placed.—Page 281.

Six to five on Glencoe, 9 to 2 against Bran, 7 to 1 against Shillelagh, 8 to 1 against Bentley, 12 to 1 against Famine, and 20 to 1 against Nonsense.

The business of this race is very interesting, and the exhibition one of great beauty. The constables rail off a large square in front of the judges' stand, in which the horses are saddled, mounted and paraded for inspection. Though some of the old hands appear to object to this display, it is only a make believe; the devil a one of them but likes to be a lion and astonish the natives with their natty boots and shining jackets. A party of foreigners on the roof of the Royal Stand appeared astonished with the *tout ensemble* of men and horses; two Pagans in red turbans were particularly so, and well they might.

Could Persia with her steeds of a thousand years' unblemished pedigree—Arabia with her desert-born—Egypt with her fiery-footed, have produced one meet to contend with our *Sultan's Son* over his native soil, as to-day we saw him.—But this is from our purpose. The square is broken—canters are performed—legs are stretched, and the word is given—they are off!

Just before starting, I should observe, Pavis declared his horse was broken down, nevertheless he went. The instant they got away the Merlin filly went slap to the front three or four lengths, at very severe running for Glencoe; Bran next, Glencoe and Shillelagh handy, then Forth's, Bentley beaten as they passed the chair, and Pavis working him down the hill as few other men would a horse with fore legs as brittle as tobacco pipes. Pretty much in this form they kept past the Swinly post and down the fall, the pace extraordinarily good. At the turn of the hill, Robinson began to steal up his horse, and at the trees, where his confederate began to *cry peccavi*, he took up the running and the lead. In this manner we have them rounding the turn into the straight ground; and here Chifney made his rush, accompanied by Famine, (Forth's winner if either;) but they were at once defeated, the pace here being terrific. Glencoe, Bran, and Nonsense, singling themselves from the ruck, the others without a chance. A glance at Robinson's seat, to those who know his style of riding, was enough to tell the result. Next the rails he was skimming light and graceful as "the dolphin from the shark." At the betting stand, John Day brought up Bran with great resolution, and showing his nag a game one to the marrow; but it needed only a slackened hold of Glencoe's head to make him an easy winner by a length—Nonsense about the same distance from Bran, running right honestly, and as it is not always the case, we name it when it is merited—ran in four minutes and a half. The judge placed only three, but as the task is an easy one, 'tis as well to add that Famine was fourth, Shillelagh fifth, Marpessa sixth, Pussy seventh, the Merlin filly eighth, and Bentley boots,—all but the three first sadly tailed.

It was a treat to see them when they returned to weigh, a positive triumph for condition. The day was as hot as Hindostan; two miles and a half had been done at such speed as is rarely to be seen, and no more distress was there than after a watering canter.

Newmarket—The Whip.

October 16, 1835—Free to be challenged for by any horse in the kingdom, entrance 200 sovs., P.P., horses of all ages to carry 10st. (140lbs.) the Beacon Course, (4 miles, 1 furlong, 138 yards.) Lord Jersey entered ch. c. Glencoe, 4 yrs, by Sultan, and the challenge not being accepted, the whip was resigned to him.—Vol. 10, page 486.

Of Plenipo I say nothing, his "occupation's gone!" Either through villany or infatuated stupidity, he is, I fear, lost to the turf. But suppose it possible that a match were made to be run at even weights over any course in the Kingdom, between Touchstone and Glencoe, may I ask what it is imagined the odds would be in such an event! Would any man back the winner of the St. Leger with the fear of a commission of lunacy before his eyes!—Vol. 10, page 67.

In reviewing the racing season of 1834, Craven remarks,—"Be assured *that* son of Sultan and Trampoline is as superior to anything in the North as he has shown himself to most in the South; *only await the result of the Goodwood Cup*, and then if he does not prove himself entitled to the place I give him among the first of his year, as fat Jack says, spit upon me and call me horse. Well, on the day of the race, this same Glencoe, who had been at long odds, was second in the betting, and won all through, hard held, almost in a canter! It is seen at a glance to the nominations, that forty of the best horses in England were engaged in it, and that the pick and choice of them started. Glaucus did not go, his defeat by this splendid colt being as yet *in retro*. The close of the Goodwood meeting was a sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, in which Glencoe beat Louisa, the *second for the Oaks*, and two others, all three running like furies, just in the kind of devil-may care canter with which *le beau* D'Orsay picks up hearts as thick as blackberries in Regent-street or Hyde Park."—Vol. 10, page 187.

In looking back I find that in my notice of the second October, I have not spoken of the race for the Garden Stakes, which brought together Colwick, Glaucus, and Glencoe, two against one, on the system in school pugilistics—one down, another come on. Precisely in this fashion did this extraordinary son of Sultan defeat Glaucus, who in the summer had proved himself invincible among the best horses of all ages. It would be waste of ink and paper to draw for any class of readers deductions from his performances, such as his have been.—Vol. 10, page 192.

Craven, in speaking of the Derby favorites for 1835 remarks:—Here at the top we have Silenus, an eminence, as I conceive, whence he is soon fated to descend. I do not like his action, he gets too much off the ground for my taste. It will be urged that I have seen him at work with Glencoe; I admit, and I can without hesitation say, *that* is not the most becoming company in which to meet him. Son of Sultan, thou art *indeed a racer!* It is worth a sportsman's while, as they say in Ireland, to take a short stick in his hand, and walk some fine morning over Epping and down to the heath, merely to see him "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" to meet the sun upon Bury Hill.—Vol. 10, page 486.

In regard to the withdrawing Plenipo from the Ascot Gold Cup:—A more interesting event to those who consider the Turf as sportsmen regard it, has rarely occurred, than a contest between two of the most celebrated horses contained in its annals; that Plenipo and Glencoe are such, I take for granted. On Tuesday morning I saw the former take his gallop; I never saw him in such form. Perhaps he had less apparent flesh than in April; but then his muscle was if possible more developed, and he was the reality of the courser, which all may have imagined, but which those who have not seen him have only idealized .... On Wednesday somehow it was whispered he was not to go for the Cup; no reason given; nobody knew where he got his news, but everybody *did* hear it. The horse was in a private stable, and on Thursday morning he was gone .... The horse was lame.—The statement of *one* gentleman known upon the turf, that this was the fact, would have silenced all clamor. He had the diabetes from the heat of the weather and change of water .... The same course would have been effectual.—The horse was amiss .... seeing is believing—Mr. Batson is a nervous man, and afraid to risk the character of his horse with Glencoe .... Mr. Batson cannot plead ignorance of the conditions of the race being play or pay.—Vol. 10, page 394.

December 9, 1837. JAMES JACKSON & Co.

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☞ Orders executed with neatness and despatch—*for Cash*. [d2-3t]

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837 [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention.

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.
Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

A FIRST RATE CLUB BOAT, 36 feet long, nearly new, on an improved model, and very fast. She will be sold low. Terms, &c. can be known, by applying by letter or otherwise, to the editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n25-3t]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—
First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.
On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.
Merrill Ashurst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

[n18-1J] J. B. TAYLOR, POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.
James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.
W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.
Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co. Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.
Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub. $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.
L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.
Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co. Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Granger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.
W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.
Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.
Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Kearns by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerram names br. c. Tom Leete, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Riddlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.
Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. [o21]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactured by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.
N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Belt and Dewelling Pistols.
[Sept. 16 St.] W. F. WRLAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
sr30 No. 3 Carondelet street New Orleans.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb. 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
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E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. will look sharp after a letter to his address, mailed in New York the 11th inst. It is somewhat prosy, no doubt, but must suffice in lieu of a little *private* chat, which we desire of all things to hold with him.

J. S., with his remittance, came safely.

Our thanks are due to some unknown friend for a very clever and interesting article referring to the British stage, which shall appear next week. The article would not probably have met our eye, but for his kindness.

W. C.'s favor has reached us. Our correspondents give us no exercise but in the way of thanks, to a liberal allowance of which W. C. is entitled. His suggestion as to iron-mongers shall be regarded.

We are much indebted to Mr. A. H. A. for his very complete report of the Tarboro (N C.) Races, as well as for further favors.

The gentleman who took the trouble in Sept. last to enclose us an early report of the last Doncaster meeting, may be surprised to learn that the *Republic* arrived at New York on the 13th inst. She must have been compelled to put in somewhere on her passage.

We have not had time to look up the authorities bearing upon the bet proposed for our decision by J. and J. H. At the earliest moment we will do so. By the bye, J. and J. will "open their eyes *tight*," for a letter addressed J. & S. H.

Those of our readers who have been bewailing with tears in their eyes our unwonted stupidity, for the few last weeks; and those correspondents who are complaining of our neglect of their favors, will please learn now, if they have not before guessed it, that our corps editorial is not quite complete. Another week will tell them more of our *how*, and our *whereabouts*, than we now care to reveal.

The gentleman who, in our last, advertised a bay mare, represented as a fast trotter, is desired to call at this office.

Things Theatrical.

We have only space for the following brief notice of theatrical movements in our present number.

MADAME LECOMTE.—We have just returned from witnessing the unrivalled performances of this charming artiste, on the occasion of Jones's benefit, and we will not deny, that the more we see of her the better we like her. Her grace is truly wonderful, although many wiseacres declared upon her first appearance, that her claims on this score were but moderate;—they peradventure thinking it impossible that mortal woman should unite to such (in our country) unrivalled power and spirit, the more winning accomplishment of "sweet attractive grace."

On her first appearance before a New York audience, coming, as she did, directly from the Parisian stage, there may have appeared an exuberance of exertion on her part, somewhat unusual to us; and which was increased in the present instance by her consciousness of the necessity of making every effort to surpass the formidable competitors who had immediately preceded her. But this excess of action, if so it may be called, has been abated in her realization of her hoped-for triumphs. She now comes forward as an established favorite, secure of her conquests, and confidant of her ability to win and woo all hearts and hands. Timidity no longer robs her of her ease, and her smile is sweeter as it becomes more familiar. But her gracefulness is the theme upon which we would now harp, had we the time—the surpassing gracefulness with which she executes pirouettes and balances of unimaginable difficulty.

Those who judge of this lady from a vulgar little print which we find posted in our barber's shop and elsewhere, are beside themselves if they suppose it gives them any idea of Madame Lecomte. That print looks to us regularly rowdie, and her friends should have it suppressed. An odd idea, indeed, does it give of one who is all life, and grace, and beauty—throwing her into an attitude which tires the *observer* more in one minute, than do Madame Lecomte's light and airy movements for a full half hour *herself*. Then, too, the print is immodest, and every lady who has seen Lecomte will testify how entirely false it is in conveying any such idea.

Miss Clifton plays in Philadelphia next week, and leaves immediately thereafter for New Orleans. She took leave of her New York friends last evening, when she peformed Belvidera, in Otway's tragedy of Venice Preserved. We commend her warmly to the courtesy of our Southern friends.

Mrs. Shaw, who made a very favorable impression here a year ago in the Youthful Queen, and such parts, appears again at the Park to-night. Success to her.

Forrest was entertained yesterday at a dinner given in his honor by his Philadelphia friends and admirers. A large number of the worthiest and wealthiest denizens of the Quaker city were present, and nothing was left undone to mark the high sense they entertained of the professional and personal merits of their favorite tragedian. We are not in possession of a sufficiently succinct account of the proceedings, or we should endeavor to find room for it in our columns.

Vandenhoff has been carrying all before him at Boston. It is impossible to imagine a more favorable reception than the one he met with from our Eastern friends.

Booth has been performing lately at Philadelphia, and with his usual success.

We cut the following paragraph from one of our exchange papers; we congratulate "Old Sol" on so enviable an acquisition of the metallic currency:—

The St. Louis folks can still manage to pay specie even for their theatre tickets; and in consequence of that favorable circumstance the managers of the play-house, (Ludlow & Smith,) lately returned to Mobile, offer some few thousands of silver dollars for sale in the latter city, where, heaven knows, they are most wonderfully in demand.

The City Theatre, Louisville, is now under the management of David Ingersoll & Co., who have not only engaged an excellent company, but have made many judicious improvements in the interior arrangement of the house.

We should have announced before, and we crave pardon for the omission, that Mr. J. M. Field and Miss Riddle, late of the Philadelphia theatres, were bound together in holy matrimony, a few weeks since, at St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jones closed their engagement at Boston on the 13th. The following paragraph appeared in the Gazette of the 9th:—

We understand that owing to the stormy night of Friday last, and the general desire to witness a repetition of Bianca Fazio by Mrs. George Jones, the proprietor of the National theatre has generously tendered the use of his establishment for the benefit of that lady on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 13th. Mr. G. Jones will appear as Fazio, and in a favorite comedy. It being the last appearance this season of these artistes, who have nightly won golden opinions, we feel assured that their farewell will be a generous one.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Signor Gambati, have been giving concerts at Pittsburgh.

The following members of the profession have taken up their winter quarters at New Orleans:—Hackett, Barrett, Pearson, Hunt, Yankee Kelly, and Fielding. Many other arrivals were daily expected, and the prospects of a gay season were more than commonly flattering.

THE RULING PASSION.—R——, who in his earlier days had been the hero of a barn, was for some years playing an humble line of business at the Liverpool theatre; his dignity was hurt, but the salary was consolatory. On the night that Palmer had expired on the stage, R—— was smoking a pipe in an adjoining tavern. One of the performers suddenly rushed in, pale and agitated, exclaiming "John Palmer has dropped down dead in the third act!" "Aha!" said Mr. R——, after a pause of surprise, "and who have they sent for to finish the part?"

LIGHT GUITAR.—The Baltimore Transcript has a new joke in these words. The property boy of the theatre called at a music store to borrow a guitar, when the proprietor handed him a black one. "I want a light-colored one," said the boy, "for the lady's got to sing the light guitar to-night."